



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 32 – Number 10

February 2015

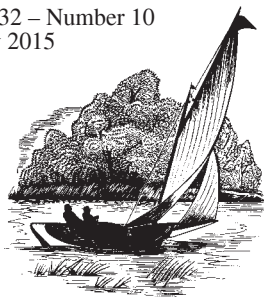
**Special Features This Issue**  
Marshall Lake Loop Trip – A Painful Night in Killarney  
A Trip on the Sassafras River – The Last Fall Paddle of 2014  
Fall Paddling with Family and Friends – Shelter Island Paddle



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The cover story in this issue by Robin Lauer about taking a 15' wood/canvas canoe he had restored off to northern Ontario alone on a ten day, 100 mile paddling trip on remote lakes once again brought to my mind the utility of canoes. The canoe carried Robin and all his necessary camping gear on the trip and he, in turn, carried the canoe and all his necessary camping gear when the water ran out and it was time to hike overland to the next put in on a chain of lakes. It was a throwback to the canoe's origins in pre European times here when the Native Americans did this routinely to get around. They had hit on what was, given the nature of the land at that time, the ideal means of transportation.

The French who came to Canada first got it right away, adopting canoes to venture far and wide in pursuit of the fur trade, becoming the vaunted "voyageurs" with their big freighter canoes. The British, of course, would have nothing to do with any "savage" creation and made do less successfully with their much heavier oar propelled craft.

When leisure time became available to a growing middle class in the late 19th century it was to canoes that most turned for outdoor recreation on the water. In my area on Boston's Charles River they became so popular that an indigenous industry built up to supply the demand. But these paddlers were going nowhere much beyond a five mile distance on the river, as the then popular song, "Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon" celebrated. They had completely missed the utility aspect of the canoe.

I have never been a canoeist, I only took up paddling in a kayak due to being introduced to them by Chuck Sutherland back about 1984. I have stuck with kayaks ever since, as I found the low seating and double paddle propulsion more appealing for the sort of short local outings in which I indulge. As I, too, was really not going anywhere I never really grasped the utility aspect of canoes. I did, however, learn about some kayak limitations when paddling local rivers with canoeing friends. Getting up over a beaver dam, for example.

The canoeist paddled up alongside the dam and stepped out onto the dam, pulled the canoe up and over and re-embarked. This was relatively easy to do from his seated position, standing up on the canoe's flat floor and, with feet appropriately positioned to maintain the canoe's stability, stepping onto the dam. Meanwhile, seated in a partially

enclosed cockpit down at water level I could not do this. I'd have to find a nearby shore spot (hopefully) where I could run the kayak aground far enough to stabilize it so I could climb out. My dilemma was solved by the canoeists pulling me up over the dam while I was still seated in my kayak. More highly skilled kayakers than I probably would find this no problem.

In today's kayaking press we can read of adventuring far and wide in kayaks. In these much attention is paid to what gear could be fit into the kayak, usually high cost, ultra light gear that could be folded down into compact packets to get in under the decks. The kayak is more like a sports car with a small trunk, the canoe more of a pickup truck. I recall at now long ago LL Bean Canoe Symposiums in Maine being fascinated by Alexandra and Garret Conover's presentations on their wilderness canoe trips at all the gear they took along for comfortable living along the way, like wall tents and a cook stove big enough to cook for all their clients at once. Utility.

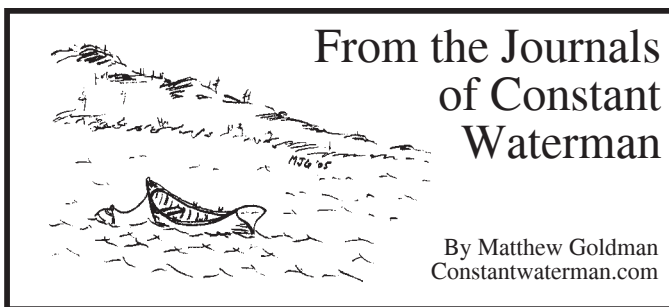
Long time reader and contributor Dick Winslow treats us every year to a couple of tales of his adventuring by canoe (mostly) on wilderness rivers in the far north, where the canoe's utility ranks high in the logistics of undertaking trips so far away, often with several companions. I have to admit that reading about these (and in an earlier time those of the Conover's) I felt a tug towards maybe joining one at some future time to experience what being way out there has to offer. Never did though, usually neither enough time nor money.

Wood/canvas canoes also have a high level of collectability, when restored to their original condition they are objects of beauty, almost art forms. There are nearly 2,000 people so smitten who belong to the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association. With them the utility aspect appears to be sidelined by the "object of beauty" aspect. I have noted that the local chapter numbering about 75 enthusiasts, seldom turns out more than a half dozen members with their prized canoes on local river outings scheduled for their enjoyment of their craft afloat.

So, I was particularly pleased to have Robin's ten day solo adventure alone in the north woods, along with Hugh Groth's week-long outing, "A Painful Night in Killarney," in similar wilderness circumstances in Ontario's Killarney Park, in this issue, stories in which the canoe's utility value comes to the fore.

## On the Cover...

Robin Lauer's 15' wooden Chum canoe sits poised for the final portage on his ten-day, 100-mile, solo canoe adventure on Ontario's Marshall Lake Loop. He tells us all about it in this issue.



There used to be a good-sized river running down to the sea. Perhaps it's there even now. I grew up a mile away and used to carry my lightweight, thirteen-foot Grumman canoe over the hill by the upper orchard, down to the river and back. Then I became friendly with the couple in that big, yellow colonial on the riverbank, you know the place I mean. Somebody used to build good size boats out back of it, by the cove, but that was before I learned to climb out of my crib.

That four-room wing behind had been fished from the river after a flood and then spliced to the house. Folks didn't shirk improbable projects back then. The house was full of fireplaces and wide board floors that the river had warped on occasion. You know how it is, every half century or so they send us a bit of low pressure from the Caribbean, and the river ramps up maybe ten or fifteen feet and sands our floors.

We had a good storm in '54 while I was just a mere tadpole. I recollect there was water past the fork in the road and up to the burying ground. The river road back to the bridge across the creek was under water. The old man living across from Dutchman's Point declared he had bullheads in his well all winter, but you can't believe everything folks from my village tell you.

I was going to say, before you diverted me, that I came to be friends with the couple in the yellow colonial and kept my canoe with them. They had a canoe as well: an old seventeen footer. Before all these modern, fancy plastics, someone had the idea that you could build a canoe of fiberglass.

Besides the fact that she weighed as much as a maple log and swam like a gravid cow, she was quite impressive. They kept her on the riverbank beside all those rotten pilings. There'd been a commercial pier out front until the Second World War. Now there were only hazards to navigation – dozens of them.

When we wanted hazards to navigation, we chose a smaller river: one with rocks and logs and dams and frothy water going downhill in a

hurry. This river I'm trying to tell you about was old and rather lethargic. It even had tides and salt marshes, and swans and ospreys and big old grumbly things that lived in its banks. Occasionally, you might find a deer in the river, or a sturgeon. I used to hear all sorts of stories, growing up. Anything smaller than a Packard got caught in a drift net, someone just had to go tell the world about it.

I was more interested in exploring the estuaries and watching birds and catching fish and petting the random mermaid who swam up river to get those crusty barnacles off her bottom. You salt water boaters know what I'm talking about.

In the summer months, there were wild flowers and wild rice and fish and herons and ducks and snapping turtles. Everything you'd need to keep you busy. I owned a couple of acres on an island upstream so, naturally, I built a cabin out there. I had a big bundle of tongue and groove boards lashed alongside my canoe one day, down by the landing, when here came a zealous man in green with an attitude and a badge and a hat to go with it.

"Where you taking that lumber, son?" he demanded.

I wasn't his son, at least I hoped I wasn't. "Just up to my island, pappy," I said. "Need to get my cabin closed in before you pass all them new fangled regulations." And off I paddled. After all, I had a building permit. Didn't much care that he jumped up and down and flailed the breeze and got water in his shoes. Wasn't my problem. I needed to catch the tide.

Seems as though things have speeded up considerably since then. They started allowing cigarette boats on the river. Had to post a speed limit: forty-five knots. How can you see anything at forty-five knots? You know how large a paddle you'd need to canoe at forty-five knots?

At supersonic speeds like that, you'd never hear the wind in the cottonwood trees. You'd never notice that big bass jump by the cat-tails. If you looked up to watch the osprey hunting her dinner, you'd likely run down a big, black oil tanker. Then you'd incite the Army Corp of Engineers to hunt you down in your hole in the riverbank.

I'd rather be out on a moonlit night when nobody else is out, paddling back up river to my island. Nothing to hear but the lonesome cry of the night heron. Nothing to see but the silhouettes of white oak trees imploring the moon from the hilltops. Nothing to feel save the slow swell of the flooding tide and the little breeze sweet from the meadows across the river.

I don't suppose there are many people do that any more, canoe by moonlight. Now that I've been corrupted by sailboats and live by the sea, I hardly ever do it myself these days. As I said, there's no guarantee that river still runs near to where I grew up. Maybe, if you go by that way, you might take a look and break it to me gently.

## One Last Ride

By Dan Rogers

Call it a result of surviving into what we used to call "old age." Yeah, I know. It's really just all those other guys who got old. But it does seem that more of my friends and acquaintances are getting sick and even dying unexpectedly. Guys who have always been adventurous and imaginative and willing to go and do and try it. Then suddenly the orthoped, or the undertaker, or the oncologist is the center of all activity. What was simply an outing, or perhaps an adventure just a month or a year ago is getting set aside, off the table, even completely over for another of my friends, make that our friends.

My scheme? Pretty simple really. I'm working on a way to take these guys "for one last ride." Not in the Viking pyre ship mode, just a vicarious boat trip, shared with the rest of us. OK, that's pretty vague. I'm gonna back up a bit and take another run at this.

I've been toying with, making plans, changing my mind, putting off, forswearing any possibility and then cycling right back around to this notion of completing an adventure that I never quite finished. Yeah, it's that crazy Texas-200. Everybody knows about the TX-200. Quite a few guys and gals have actually spent a week getting sunburned, fixing broken boats, running aground and generally having the adventure of their boating lives in the past seven runnings of this legendary small boat raid. No, the bugs and rays and snakes didn't up and leave. The wind will probably still be blowing like stink. The charted channels will probably not be where they are supposed to be. Something that's both important and not supposed to break, will still break. None of that has changed.

What HAS changed is that all of us are getting a bit older. None of us gets to know how many more shots we might get at this thing. And, moreover, there is a really big group of folks who "always wanted to make that run," who for a seabag full of reasons won't get to now. For

me, it's time to get back on the horse that threw me six years ago. But I'm hoping to do better than that.

Last June, during the 2014 Texas-200, several of the boats carried the names of cancer victims. It was a way to remember these folks and to in some small way tell their stories. It was also a method of fundraising for cancer research. A fabulous idea. My idea is to segue a bit and carry the names of folks who their families, friends and compatriots want the rest of us to know about. People who have been important, or maybe participated more quietly, in the small boat scene we all have come to think of as a lifestyle. I'm offering to take them "with me." I'm offering to tell their stories along with the one I intend to tell about my own adventures.

For starters, at first it did look like I was gonna have to build a boat. For a chronic Poly Navicular Morbus sufferer such as myself, this makes absolutely no sense. But, as it turns out, I don't seem to have a suitable "Texas boat." Sooooo, there IS that not so small matter. Then came a wonderful offer from a guy who calls himself "Mean Gene." He offered me a spot on his boat for this next "running of the bulls." So my plan is to make up a banner to fly at the various campsites along the way with the names "ironed on" in custom T shirt fashion. And part of my intended commentary will be videos done both ashore and underway, as appropriate. Of course, much of this will be up to circumstances of the moment. But I think it'll be a pretty cool project.

What I need is to have those folks with those friends, relatives, loved ones and outright heroes whom they'd like to have be remembered a bit more widely, send me their stories, pictures, perhaps some sort of talisman to take along on this "last ride."

Will you help? Send me your stories, recollections and stuff like that to DanAshore@conceptcable.com. I'll do my best to take your guy or gal along for one last ride and to tell their story the way you'd like it told.





# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 35th WoodenBoat School



This year we sail into our 35th season of offering a wide assortment of courses in boat building, woodworking, seamanship and lots more. Boy, does time fly!

WoodenBoat School has become a favorite destination for anyone interested in boats and boating. Our unique location on the coast of Maine, the character of Brooklin itself and the extraordinary beauty of our 64 acre campus all lend themselves to an experience you'll savor for the rest of your life. Among other things, you will find that a strong sense of community exists here.

A lot of thought, hard work and creativity go into designing our program. We feel strongly that what we teach here is important for today and for future generations. WoodenBoat School's "hands on" classes can be challenging and will be rewarding. Our instructors are knowledgeable, patient, engaging and enthusiastic. Their passion is infectious. Our students range in age from mid teens to folks enjoying life well into their 80s. They arrive on campus with varied levels of experience, novice to accomplished. Each individual works and learns new skills by being an active participant in the shop or out on the water. Learning by doing. Being inspired.

We'll surround you with an outstanding staff, beautiful boats, good food, comfortable accommodations, fine craftsmanship, plenty of friendly like minded souls and the peace and quiet of Downeast Maine.

So check us out. Browse through our website or order our catalog and look for something that sparks your interest. And then contact us. You'll be glad you did!

Rich Hilsinger, Director, WoodenBoat School, PO Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651, [www.woodenboat.com](http://www.woodenboat.com)

**Editor Comments:** Rich Hilsinger showed up as a student at WoodenBoat School in 1983 (same year we launched *MAIB*) and has been there ever since making it all happen.

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Auklet Update



*Auklet* finally went into the water again in 2014 with the new junk rig. It took until September 14 to go in and there we were coming back out in the middle of October. Because of the relatively short time frame, most of this took place on the Connecticut River with a run across to Montauk and Shelter Island, about a week over there and then back into the river. It was fun to actually be home for the summer, tinkering with all the bits for the new rig and then it was really fun to put it up and see the boat go. Worth all the effort for that beautiful, easy reefing.

Shemaya Laurel, Holyoke, MA

## Information of Interest...

### CBMM to Celebrate 50th Anniversary

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is making room for a new exhibition in its Steamboat Building with the announcement of two exhibitions coming to a close. "Navigating Freedom: The War of 1812 on the Chesapeake" and "Push and Pull: Life on Chesapeake Bay Tugboats" closed on January 5, making room for a new exhibition highlighting CBMM's most significant artifacts collected over the institution's 50 year history.

"A Broad Reach: 50 Years of Collecting" is set to open during a private reception on Friday, May 22, 2015, in honor of the date the museum began in 1965. The exhibition will feature the top 50 pieces that have been accessioned into the museum's collections over the past 50 years and will be accompanied by a commemorative catalogue featuring photography of each collection piece. It opens to the public on Saturday, May 23, when CBMM will host a Party on the Point: Celebrating 50 Years on the Bay festival. The festival will feature the new exhibition opening plus boat rides, live music, regional foods, a children's art competition, family activities and the launch of a #Snapshots2Selfies and time capsule community project that will both wrap up in May 2016. Both projects encourage museum guests to share their memories of the Chesapeake Bay over the last 50 years through photographs and other memorabilia.

The creation of this museum was originated by a grassroots group of community members and Talbot County's historical society in 1963. The hopes of starting the museum took shape with the purchase of the historic Higgins, Dodson and Eagle Houses along St Michaels' harbor, which now serve as the museum's administrative buildings. With these historic homes and a handful of collections, the museum officially opened on May 22, 1965.

Soon after the museum acquired those historic homes in 1965, adjacent property along St Michaels' Navy Point was also purchased with plans to house historic structures, exhibition buildings, a library and the museum's growing collections. What was once the home of seafood processing and packing houses has been transformed a great deal over the last 50 years, the museum has grown from three small buildings to an 18 acre campus with 12 exhibition buildings which now hosts more than 68,000 guests annually from all over the world, to explore and celebrate the Chesapeake Bay, its history and cultures.

For more information, visit CBMM in St Michaels online at [www.cbmm.org](http://www.cbmm.org) or call (410) 745-2916.

### New Editor for *Shallow Water Sailor*

Brian Forsyth and I met over coffee in Annapolis to start the process of changing editors. I am at once relieved, but also excited. I think Brian will energize the group. He knows far more than me about boats both large and small.

One activity he asked about was our sailing get togethers. I had to tell him that the only real annual cruise was the Spring Cruise which John Zohlen and Norm Wolfe have worked on for 30 years. The summertime Magnum Opus cruises have died away without an active planner. So we might see more action on group cruises in the future. Please help Brian out with a hearty hello and any ideas you might have regarding the group. Reach him at [brforsyth@comcast.net](mailto:brforsyth@comcast.net).

I asked Brian for a short bio and he sent me the following:

"My family and I became SWS members in 1999 after meeting John and Patty Gerty and their Bolger Martha Jane *Zephyr* at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival. Since then we've been on several Spring Cruises and many other Chesapeake area SWS events. Despite a previous Navy career centered on aircraft carriers, I've always been a small boater at heart. I built my first kit kayak in the late 1980s and I went on to become a coastal kayak instructor for several years. The Shallow Water Sailors introduced me to the joys of camp cruising small sailboats and for that I'll be forever grateful. My current magic carpet is the 1982 Sea Pearl 21, *Reely Otter*."

Brian and I will be working together next year with Brian editing the newsletter and I helping him with the \$ and web pages.

Ken Murphy, Gaithersburg, MD



## Opinions...

### Land Sailing Rebuttal

Re: The Land Sailing article by I. Schuster in the December 2014 issue. I wish to take this opportunity to decry certain statements included in this article.

Firstly, my charm is not weird, it is just sort of noncentric. Southern interpretation is the issue here.

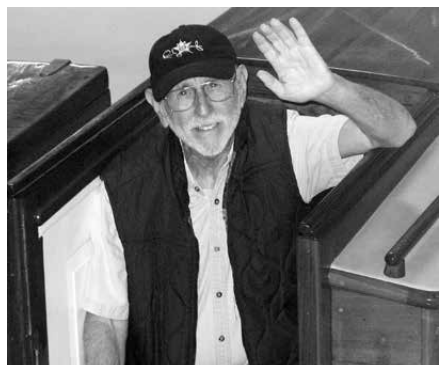
Nextly, I have never mavened any trivia, I just know a lot of stuff that Irw doesn't know.

Nextly, he forgot to mention the hike we took to "Three Falls." The total water contained therein would not have floated a 1200/1 model of a canoe.

Nextly, my navigational skills are flawless, he just don't listen all that well.

Lastly, had the article included more pictures of me, I feel, the true hue of the trip would have been visually demonstrated to a degree lacking with nothing but pictures of old boats.

Attached is a picture of Mr Schuster. As you can see he spent most of his time jumping in front of my lens. Also, a better shot of me.



Boy, a land sailor invites me on a trip, does the planning, sets the schedule and route and picks up the tab for the experience and he thinks he can treat me any way he wants! When we plan our next trip, I'm going to pay for everything. That will show him.

Actually, we had a great time and I look forward to planning another grand adventure with Irwin. He feels the headwaters of the Amazon are too much for him and suggested rock climbing in the Florida cays. I also suggested my first yacht club in Aburatsubo, but he doesn't know how to use a Japanese toilet, so that is out. I have a book on all the maritime museums of the world and am eliminating those he might like.

the Jich, Braintree, MA

PS: The "t" in "the Jich" is not capitalized as erroneously stated. Irw's Japanese is very poor.

## Projects...

### Smaller and Smaller



My boat building projects have gotten smaller and smaller over the years (37', 24', 14' and now, down to 8"). These are scale models of the boats that are built in Family Boat Building events each year in Lewes, Delaware, by the Lewes Historical Society's "Wooden Boat Crew."

Carol and I have the pleasure of volunteering to help in the process. I help the families construct, over three days, the plywood kits that are provided. Carol operates a "Kids

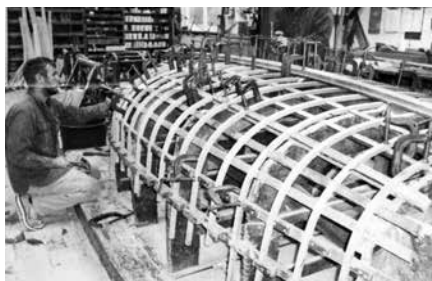
Corner" where various games and crafts are available for the children who are too young to participate in the actual building.

I am grateful for this opportunity to join a congenial group in a productive activity. It is great fun, teaching kids how to manage a saw or a plane for the first time. And there is nothing like seeing the families faces, when they launch their boats on Sunday afternoon. No sinkers so far!

Jim McKelvey

### News from the Beetle Boat Shop

It has been a busy summer and fall at the Beetle Shop. The crew spent the month of August cleaning the shop and making room for the recently purchased 42' lathe and other equipment to be used in making wood spars and flagpoles. Suzanne Leahy, prior owner of Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Company, joined the Beetle crew in August and has been busy making spars for the Provincetown Schooner *Bay Lady II*, along with several flagpoles. Seth Ahrenholz also came to work for us in August and has been busy upgrading the systems in a 1957 Cheoy Lee sailboat, along with making Beetle Cat parts. Both have an extensive background in boat building and are a welcome addition to the shop.



Bill and I attended the Beetle Cat Championships at Chatham Yacht Club as spectators this year. We were warmly welcomed

and enjoyed visiting with everyone at their new facility. CYC did a wonderful job in putting on a well organized and fun weekend.

We would like to thank the Beetle Cat community for their support and enthusiasm in keeping the tradition alive.

Michelle Buoniconto, Beetle Boat Shop, Wareham, MA

## This Magazine...

### About Aluminum Boats

A good friend gave me a subscription to *MAIB* a couple of years ago. I have much enjoyed it, the writing is lucid and your contributors are clearly having a great time both doing what they are doing and writing about it.

As a thoroughgoing smalltimer I have few such evocative tales to tell, but "Maximum Fun... Minimum Money" by Johnny Mack (December 2014) struck a chord. Kudos for publishing an article on aluminum boats in a magazine devoted to more traditional boat building ways and means. My earliest boating experiences were in wooden rowboats and canoes, but by 1958 my parents had presented me with a tiny aluminum fishing boat and the simplicity, ruggedness and light weight of that wee craft left me permanently in love with aluminum small boats.

While Mr Mack's Alumacraft Flying C is a true classic, and well deserving of ink in *MAIB*, my yard contains a 2003 Lund SSV18 with a tiller steered 25hp 4-stroke Yamaha (long shaft!) that together have given us many happy and (dare I say it?) economical days on the water.

I hope there will be additional, even if occasional, articles about aluminum small boats. Having been in commercial production for lo these many years, "tinnys" deserve a spot as yet another rewarding aspect of messing about in boats.

Scott Bogue, Browns Summit, NC

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## *A Visual Cruising Guide to the Southern New England Coast*

By James L. Bildner  
International Marine (McGraw-Hill) 2010  
ISBN 978-0-07-148919-5

## *Visual Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast*

By James L. Bildner  
International Marine (McGraw-Hill) 2006  
ISBN 0-07-145328-8  
Reviewed by Jim Parmentier

Search for adventure! For a double dozen decades it's been sending men, sometimes women, off to sea to see the world and test their courage against storms and seas and solitude. Some of these sailors come home and talk about their adventures, either truthfully (Joshua Slocum) or not so much (Tristram Shandy?). We cruising folks can share their excitement and we also make plans to go to sea, except that our boats are smaller and our adventures on a somewhat lesser scale. But they are adventures still!

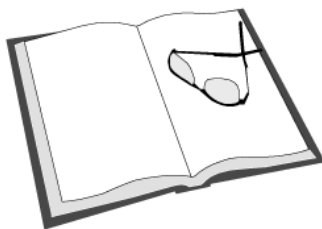
And one sure way to create an adventure is to pilot your craft for the first time into an unknown rockbound harbor. If you really want a story worth telling, then do it in a storm, or maybe at night, and possibly with equipment failure.

Want adventure? Try entering York Harbor (Maine) in early evening on a bright summer's day two hours after peak flood tide. You're going west and looking directly into the sun. You have to leave N-6 to starboard, swing north to keep C-7 to port, then turn hard right at N-8, that is if you can find N-8 because the current runs hard enough at that time in the cycle to pull it underwater. Want even more adventure? Try entering two hours before peak tide. Even the locals don't do that.

James Bildner has written a two volume series to help us cruising folk continue to visit new harbors, have our adventures and do it safely. Bildner, a sailor and a pilot, along with his photographer buddy Roger Brul, have given us visual aids to more than 200 harbors all the way from New London, Connecticut, to Moose Snare Cove, up in Maine's Little Kennebec Bay. In Bildner's words, "We've focused ... on those harbors and passages that called the loudest for an aerial photographic treatment." The pictures are all done on good weather days and apparently taken mostly in fall, when the ground cover contrasts sharply with the sand and water edges. The pictures were all taken at around 700' so the perspectives of each harbor are comparable.

Each harbor's description includes a copy of the appropriate NOAA chart(s) of the harbor and the locations and angles of the photographs are added to the chart. In addition, selected navigational aids have been added to the photographs so you'll know where to look for them. Finally, a bright yellow course line provides a suggested entrance into a safe harbor at each location. You may choose to go elsewhere, or you know a better route in, but the book gives you a good option every time. You can let other elements of your trip add the adventure.

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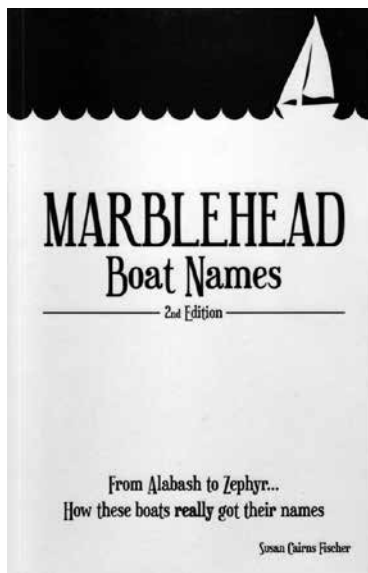
## *Book Reviews*

These books are refreshingly simple and straightforward. Bildner spends no time discussing restaurants, fuel docks or family entertainments you might find in the harbors. He calls them all "services" and only mentions them where there are no "services" at all. The text isn't cluttered with personal anecdotes, local histories or hazardous conditions. It doesn't matter if your boat draws 2' or 10', he just tells you where it's safe to go.

It reminds me of the little old lady looking out over a Maine harbor who said to a local fisherman, "I'll bet you know where every rock in this harbor is!"

"No ma'am," said the fisherman, "but I know where they ain't!" Bildner has given us the fisherman's answer for the coast of New England.

Finally, for those who don't want adventure when they seek new harbors, I can recommend three that will work well for you. Mattapoisett, Provincetown and Tarpaulin Cove all have entrances that are a mile wide with sandy bottoms and lighthouses. You can't go too wrong at any one of these. I've made midnight entrances into each one and, in one instance, after realizing that I'd left my regular glasses in the car. My choices were do it without glasses, do it wearing prescription sunglasses or let my wife do it. It all worked out, we made a safe anchorage and straightened things out in the morning in the light of day.



## *Marblehead Boat Names* 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition

By Susan Cairns Fischer  
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

### **The Author's Description**

Marblehead resident Susan Cairns Fischer has just launched her second edition of *Marblehead Boat Names*! This entertaining book includes a collection of more than 700 Marblehead boat names and the unique stories behind them. Each story was written and submitted by the boat owner(s). Featured in this book are the stories from the first edition, written 20 years ago, as well as new entries.

If you have ever looked at a boat and wondered how it got its name, you will love this book!!

This book is available for purchase at <http://www.marbleheadboatnames.com/>.

### **This Reviewer's Remarks**

Obviously here is a book aimed at those who live in that Massachusetts North Shore yachting town, Marblehead. Its publication announcement (above) came to me and I decided to have a look anyway. It is a fun read for anyone interested in the subject of boat names, as the range of names and the owners' reasons behind them are broad in scope. In addition to the 700 names with their stories, there are photos of transoms showing the variety of graphic designs involved scattered throughout 140 of its pages, with a solid 15 more pages as a sort of appendix at the end of the book.

It is a book that one can have a look at bit by bit in odd moments, handy to carry along (5 1/2"x8 1/2"x155 pages softcover) when anticipating some idle time to kill.

What follows are several selections I made to illustrate the sort of content to be found on its pages:

#### **WadALee**

(17' Shamrock)

"When my Dad left this planet I knew it was my duty to keep the seafaring tradition alive. And, like a lot of kids who grew up sailing, I wanted nothing to do with it anymore. I opted for a low maintenance runabout that would fit on the mooring that had been originally occupied by our rowing dinghy. Given my ineptitude as a real boater, the only way to pay proper homage to my father's expertise was to come up with a witty name.

17' is not a lot of boat when there's a little chop and a couple of passengers on board, she's wet and handles a bit on the "waddley" side. My father's mother was a Marbleheader's Marbleheader. A dedicated public school teacher, rabble rouser and a woman who was Woman's Lib before there was Woman's Lib. Her maiden name was Wadaleigh. Sailing with my dad, I did learn a few things. When he'd yell "hardalee" I knew exactly what to do, get the hell out of the way. It's a phrase I heard a lot, but probably never really understood. Thus the *WadALee* was christened. She sits pretty on our mooring and is prone to break down. Just the way Chris Kent would want it."

#### **After You**

(20' Regal)

"Every time someone asks me the name of my boat, I say, 'I named it *After You*!' It's always good for a few laughs."

#### **Fenwick**

21' Wooden Catboat)

"Fenwick C. Williams of Marblehead designed this 21' catboat and was a great friend of mine. Therefore the name had to be *Fenwick*."

#### **General John Glover**

(26' US Coast Guard Surf Boat)

This is the boat Glover's Regiment has used since 1969 to celebrate Marblehead's key role in the Christmas night victory



at Trenton in 1776. It is the town's official Colonial Welcoming boat."

**International Harvester**  
(42' Provincial)

"I'm a lobsterman and the boat is used to harvest lobster and fish. We had her built in Prince Edward Island, Canada. She was constructed in Canada (International) and harvests lobster and fish (Harvester).

**Great American IV**  
(60' Imoca Open)

"In 1989 the 60' trimaran *Great American* was sailed from New York to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn by George Kolesnikovs and Steve Pettengill. They beat the clipper *Flying Cloud's* record of 89 days arriving in 77 days.

Having an idea to engage K12 students by connecting them to a live ocean adventure overflowing with science, geography and math, I acquired the boat in spring 1990 for an attempt on the record from San Francisco to Boston by way of Cape Horn set by the clipper *Northern Light* in 1853. I invited Steve Pettengill to sail with me. We kept the name *Great American* because we felt it was appropriate for the route, between two great American ports, had the grandeur of many of the great clipper names, and would be appreciated by American school children.

With 400 schools following our Ocean Challenge Live! K12 program weekly by newsletter, Steve and I raced against the clipper *Northern Light's* time (we had an abstract of her logbook). 400 miles west of Cape Horn, we were capsized in a horrific storm with 85 knots of wind and seas officially estimated at 65' (National Weather Service). 90 minutes later, we were righted by a wave, the first time in history that a capsized trimaran at sea had been righted by a wave. 17 hours later, we were rescued by *New Zealand Pacific* (who had 20 meter seas recorded in her logbook). an 815' refrigerated container-ship. We were 18 days to Holland with them.

Ultimately *Great American*, dismasted and swamped, rounded Cape Horn and continued eastward, finally fetching up on the west coast of South Georgia Island, about 20 miles south of where Ernest Shackleton had landed. We never went to look, we thought that she was in good spiritual company there.

In 1993 we acquired a 50' French trimaran, *Dupon Duran II*, and renamed her *Great American II* in honor of that first great boat whose massive strength had kept her from breaking up off the Horn. With GA2, we sailed 1993 San Francisco Boston (California Gold Rush), 2001 New York Melbourne (Australian Gold Rush) and 2003 Hong Kong New York (China Tea Trade) record passages, plus the single handed Transat 2004 (UKUSA). Each of those Ocean Challenge Live! school programs reached over 200,000 students. She was sold in 2004.

In 2006 we acquired a French Open 60, *Solidaires*, built by Thierry Dubois, for the 2006 Vendee Globe, solo nonstop around the world. We renamed her *Great American III* and ultimately finished ninth of 11 finishers of 30 starters in 121 days over 28,790 non-stop miles and, most importantly, reaching about 250,000 student participants. She was sold in 2010 to Derek Hatfield of Canada for another round the world race.

In 2013 we acquired a Swiss Open 60, *Mirabaud*, from Dominique Wavre, for Vendee Globe 2016. We renamed her *Great American IV*. She sits proudly at the mouth of Marblehead Harbor as we prepare for the November 2016 start in Les Sables d'Olonne, France."

## *Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Brig Betsey*

By Michael Collins  
Reviewed by Brian Salzano

Your commentary regarding book reviews in the December 2014 issue has moved me to submit an unsolicited ebook review. This as part of my recent resolution to contribute more to *MAIB* and thus serve as an example to others to produce their own contributions and thus keep this amazing one of a kind never to be duplicated publication going strong. Maybe this will inspire slouches such as Max Rowland and Rory Dudley to get off their butts and start writing, too.

First, however, a question. Do you know about Project Gutenberg? Gutenberg.org is the brainchild of a fellow named Michael S. Hart, of whom I know nothing more than that he was about 15 years in front of Google with the notion of creating a website which would serve to make available online and downloadable all the great public domain works he could get his hands on. And some of the not so great, too, which frequently have their own merits.

Now I am one of those people of the definite opinion that if ebooks were superior to paper, man would have invented them first (or maybe God would have given us integrated chips instead of brains?). And I still do most of my reading on real live books. But it is an unfortunate truth that many titles available online are just not to be found in my local library or on paper at the retailers. So ebooks certainly have their place in this world.

Project Gutenberg differs from other online book platforms in a couple of ways. First, it posts only non copyrighted material. Second, everything is downloadable (is that a word?) and in a variety of formats, including Epub (for Nooks), Mobi (Kindle), plain text (for other platforms) and HTML for those who prefer to read from the PC directly. Third, it doesn't use the freebies as a commercial lure, doesn't force you to divulge your email in exchange for material, doesn't hound you with spam and doesn't track your usage and forward it to every corporation or government agency out there willing to pay for it.

Finally Gutenberg, like *MAIB*, is an entirely volunteer affair and depends on public support for material, scanning and proof-reading. The catalog is far from complete, and I suppose never would or could be, but there's a great selection of material from the classic works of Dickens, Twain, Dostoyevsky, etc, to the obscure, arcane but eminently readable works such as *My Experiences as an Executioner* by James Berry, a Victorian hangman, and John Maynard Keynes' *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, an eye opening account of the proceedings which produced the Treaty of Versailles in which Keynes, writing in 1919, lays out in exquisite detail the various ways in which the treaty concluding World War I (or the Great War as it was then called) could not possibly result in anything other than another war of even greater dimension than the first. Quite an eye opener, that one. And for the steamboat aficionados there's a wonderful technical work titled *Steam: Its Generation and Use*, by Babcock and Wilcox, published in 1919, and what with steam having not much changed in its physical properties and behavior since then, is still quite current.

Now, on to this review. One evening, searching for books under the term "pirate" (yes, I know, quite juvenile) I came across the exhausting title *Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Brig Betsey, of Wiscasset, (Maine) and Murder of Five of her Crew, by Pirates, on the Coast of Cuba, December 1824*. An interesting title to be sure, especially as I had been under the impression that the novel length subtitle was something publishers had dreamed up only recently.

For me, the title was an obscure one. I personally had never heard of it before. It didn't come up in the extensive catalog of my own library system (Suffolk, New York), nor the neighboring Nassau, New York, library system. It will pop up in an online search, so it may not be as obscure as I think. I found other versions, electronic and paper both, out on the various internet platforms. Amazon has their own kindle version and there's been a recent reprinting by the German sounding outfit Salzwasser-Verlag GmbH, which can be ordered from B&N or Powells. But my guess is that it may be an unfamiliar title to many *MAIB* readers, as it was for me, so a review might be worthwhile.

The book is a long evening's read and there can be no other description for it except riveting. I began it in the vicinity of 8pm and could not put it down until I was finished, sometime around 2am, I think.

Now what with the subtitle and all, I hardly have to issue a spoiler alert. The *Betsey*, bound for Matanzas, Cuba, with a hold full of lumber, was being driven hard in high seas through the waters of St Nicholas Channel, which is the stretch of water separating the Bahamas from Cuba. Under a full press of sail, at a rate recorded by the author at 9 knots, the ship piled onto the rocks of a key which the skipper had believed the ship clear of, and in the passing of perhaps three or four massive breaking swells, experienced total disintegration. The entire crew compliment of seven, along with the ship's dog (the cat did not survive) found themselves in the pounding surf with an overturned and holed longboat.

From there follows the tale of lifeboat hardship, compounded by the mental breakdown of an already sick skipper, with an eventual harrowing landing on a small key, uninhabited save for some transient fishermen. The good news is that the fishermen provided aid and comfort to the survivors. The bad news was that this was only done in order to buy enough time in which to sell them to local small time pirates who showed up after several days had passed. The pirates, after several more days having determined that the crew had no value for ransom and were harboring no hidden loot, bound them and set off for the killing field, a particular cove at a remove from the main beach.

In the carnage and confusion of the executions (in a small boat, by cutlass and at close quarters), described in Hemingwayesque terms, Collins found himself to be one of two escapees, both having managed to loosen their bindings and launch themselves over the gunnels into shallow water. The race was on and it was worthy of a Hollywood script. The two escapees were immediately separated from each other and, indeed, assumed each other dead. The fact that the pirates had to split up in pursuit of both may have been the only thing that saved them. In a desperate scramble on foot through terrain that included mangrove swamps, chest deep muck and shallows filled with lacerating oys-



ters, Collins eventually shakes his pursuit and ends up hunkered down in the boughs of a mangrove for the night.

Day dawns and the pirates relinquish their pursuit, leaving Collins only slightly better off than the day before. He finds him-

self with no provisions, no tools, no clothing but that presently on his back and no means of shelter or transport. He is, essentially, re shipwrecked on a small deserted island alone with his wits and barely able to walk from the wounds inflicted on the soles of his feet. Cuba

lies to the south, below the horizon and at an unknown distance. Between it and himself lie miles of water and keys consisting of the same mangroves, swamp, muck, and oyster beds as he had encountered the previous days.

After island hopping seven such keys over the course of several days, which involved swims measured in miles, Collins (who must have been an amazing physical specimen) drags himself, in a horribly depleted state, onto mainland Cuba. The stretch he found himself on was at that time a semi feral land, populated by semi feral people whose language he did not know and whose government, such as it was, would have been very likely to judge him a pirate himself and send him off to a dungeon from which he would never emerge.

This sounds outrageous, but the implication is that such an outcome was not without precedent. Recall the Spanish regime of the 19th century was scarce less brutal than those of the first Conquistadors 300 years prior, who nearly wiped out the native population of the new world. One more innocent man languishing in a Spanish prison would not even register as a blip on the judicial radar. I recall very similar mental calculations being explained by Henri Charrière in *Papillon* as he made his way through Venezuela and Columbia, and this as late as the 1930s, so the assumption appears not without precedent.

Collins' journey across this landscape back to civilization, garnering what succor he could from sparse civilized outposts, keeping one step ahead of the human predation that was the hallmark of the region at that time, and keeping clear of a capricious government until such a time as he could find an advocate consumes the latter half of the book. It does indeed assume somewhat the aspect of a travelogue, but a travelogue where a life hangs in conscious balance.

Of course, having lived to tell the tale, it will come as no surprise that Collins eventually makes his way to Matanzas and ultimately home. In Matanzas he learns that his fellow escapee Manuel the Portuguese has also survived execution, managing to escape pursuit and then steal a canoe, although only the sketchiest of details are provided.

Distinguishing this book is the prose. There's no indication this was a verbal transcription, so it must be assumed that Collins wrote it himself and he has impressive skill. The style is straight and to the point, without ornamentation and without the long windedness that characterizes much of the writing from the era. It's concise, no nonsense, guttural and effective in its descriptions of mayhem and hardship, and compact in form. Truly worthy of Hemingway, as noted previously, as well as Charrière. It's a great read, not only for the nautical and small boat aspects that occupy the first half, but for the human dimensions which ring throughout, for in his epic journey, Collins illumines the entire gamut of the human spirit. From the piratical monsters to the good Samaritans and everyone in between, his journey was as much a trek through the human kaleidoscope as it was through the material world. It is to be highly and heartily recommended. Find this book at the following link: <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/25022>

## Searching for the Finmen An Unplanned Journey in Homage to the Kayak and its Inuit Masters

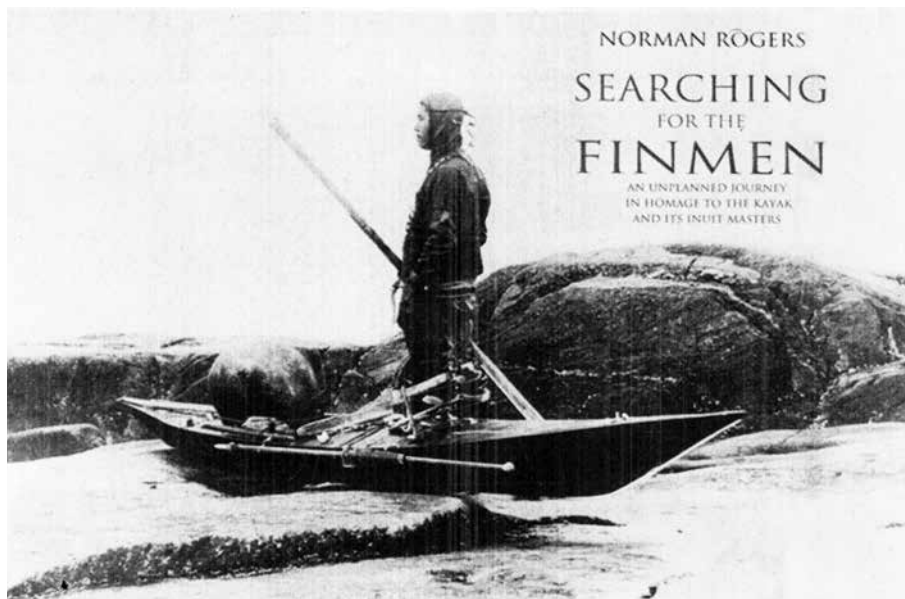
By Norman Rogers  
Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*

Three centuries ago an Inuit man in a traditional skin kayak landed on a beach near Aberdeen and died three days later. His kayak and hunting gear can still be seen in the Anthropological Museum in Aberdeen where the vessel is referred to as the "Belhelvie Kayak." Such a voyage from Greenland to the northeast coast of Scotland would seem to be impossible and the event has remained an enigma. However, at about the same time, individuals in kayaks were also seen around the coasts of the Orkney Islands over a number of years. Norman Rogers spent his spare time as a veteran marathon kayak racer. When this pastime was interrupted by illness, he set out to investigate these mysteries and this book is the result.

The book describes his researches into the history and culture of the Inuit with particular reference to their mastery of the sea by means of the kayak. It also describes other outside influences which were key factors in explaining how a group of Inuit hunters from what was effectively a stone age culture, crossed the North Atlantic only two centuries after Columbus.

This book is new and special for the following reasons. Although the story of the "Belhelvie Kayak" is well known in the canoeing community, no books have been written describing the intriguing theories relating to the incident. While books are published regularly covering various kayak voyages in the present day and the recent past, the book is unique in linking the history of the kayak and the capabilities of Inuit paddlers with their modern day counterparts.

The book has elements of the "detective story" in relation to understanding how the voyage of the Belhelvie Kayak could have been made. It covers a number of popular genres (arctic history, travel, sport). It can be bought via most online bookshops, via most independent bookshops or via the author see: ISBN 978-1-78088-077-8.



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What's not to like? Bugs are gone, campground not crowded, water still warm, winds are reliable. Phil Maynard, Peter G. and I met at Assateague on a late November weekend. We started from home early and were there by mid morning. Tents up and boats sailing before noon.

Phil and I beach launched at Old Ferry Landing and Peter used the new ramp across Sinepuxent Bay at South Point for his larger, but still light, Caledonian yawl. In a brisk southerly we powered across the bay to a beach on the mainland for a lunch stop and to tie in some reefs as the wind increased. Even with shortened sails we were practically planing the whole way back. With her light hull and substantial sail area, *Nip* took an early lead. The boats wanted to round up but didn't come close to broaching at any time. They would break out and surf at the top of each wave. Pretty exciting stuff.

For the night I beached *Moggie* a short way from our tents. Phil didn't follow behind and I was starting to worry about him when he drove up with his boat and trailer. Peter was right behind with his boat and trailer.

Peter had brought giant helpings of potato and leek soup which we had for supper with a side of rice, then we relaxed and enjoyed nightfall in the park. There are strict rules about keeping a safe distance away from the ponies, but the ponies hadn't read the rules and kept coming over to us. At one point Phil had to stay in his truck until the pony got discouraged and wandered off. There are also rules that campers not allow the horses to drink from the fresh water taps, but again, the horses have learned to turn on the water themselves.

Night came quick and brought some wonderful stars in the dark skies of the park.

## Autumn Sailing at Assateague

By Mike Wick  
Photos by Phil Maynard  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River  
Chapter TSCA



Only to the north, at Ocean City was there any light pollution. We turned in as it got colder. We've learned to bring our heaviest sleeping bags. There was an occasional snort of cropping ponies right near our tents, but they soon moved away.

Saturday was windier from the west and I started with two reefs. My Melonseed is an easily driven hull and doesn't need much sail area to sail well. Phil also started with two reefs, but he found his skiff needed more sail to go to windward and he alternated between one and two reefs all day long.

First we crossed the bay to sail in the protected water to the west, stopping at an

empty dock for lunch and a rest. Then we sailed south on the island side of the bay, but it was very shallow for about four miles, all the way to Tingles campground. The boats were under good control, thanks to reefed sails, but the sailing was strenuous. We were both concerned for our rudders which were taking some punishment at full speed. By afternoon we were tired and needed some shade from the sun.

That night I grilled hamburgers and onions and we built a roaring campfire with wood we had scrounged from departing campers. There was a cold front coming through and we bundled up and hunched around the fire, planning other trips to keep the winter at bay for as long as we could. We knew that there would be lots of wind in the morning and chose to head for home after Sunday breakfast at a nearby diner.

There is something magic about Assateague with all its shallow water sailing and wild country. Phil took his camera on the Marsh Trail to bring back some views of the pristine territory. Back in 1966, just as it was to be developed into another Ocean City, a powerful storm swept through and wiped out all the roads and infrastructure the developers had built. They soon understood that permanent settlement on a barrier island was a problem and sold out to the Federal Government. I'm glad that storm came in the nick of time.



## Once in a Million

By Dan Rogers



Once-in-a-million shots. That's me, and my little boat, *Plum Duff*, on a lonely ocean, first alongside *Californian* and then the special prize, *Star of India*. Somehow, nobody else was out there with them that day except for Jim, who was not only sailing his own boat loaded with then-kids, but got these terrific telephoto shots in the bargain. It's been at least ten years. Still, a wonderful day to be a sailor.



*Californian* was built using period technology on the beach across from the San Diego airport. *Star of India* is the oldest steel sailing ship still in commission. And there I am actually overtaking her, while they are out on one of their extremely rare underway days. Just the two of us. Nothing in the background, except, Japan.



With the summer paddling season nearing its end, my paddling partner Tom and I were looking to get one more paddle in before we had to drag our drysuits out. Tom pointed out that his summer Montauk house was available and maybe we could find a day paddle that was in the area.

The bay and sound waters that are nestled between Long Island's twin forks have been of interest to me since back in 1964 when I was serving in the Coast Guard and was tasked with running Fishers Island Lifeboat Station's two 36' motorized lifeboats over to Shinnecock CG Station so that they could be inspected, as the service was slowly phasing out the old wooden hulled rescue boats. As I recall, it was about a 40 mile trip and while the old 36s were excellent sea boats, they were slow with a 12kt top speed which ended up giving me an opportunity to enjoy the scenic coastline as we made our way through Gardiners Bay and into Shelter Island Sound and the Peconic Bays. Someday, I thought, I might like to return there for a closer look.

As it turned out both of the Coast Guard 36' motorized lifeboats passed their inspections and still had a number of years to go before they weighed anchor for the last time. Kudos to the shipwrights of Curtis Bay and those who maintained them.

I was looking for a full day's paddle where we might end up where we started from and what better way to do that than paddling around an island. It was in Shelter Island that I found that possibility. The island gets its name from being sheltered in between the North and South Forks of eastern Long Island. Our plan was to paddle our 17' Current Design Solstices around the island.

I had done a bit of research on Shelter Island and found that it was settled in 1652 by the Manhasset Indians who were later dislodged by the British. The island is well protected except to the east which is open out to the nine mile distant Gardiners Island and Block Island Sound. Today the island is considered to be a quiet haven from the nearby Hamptons and has a total of about six and a half square miles in land mass that supports a year round population of about 2400 residents. The summer crowd pushes that population number upwards to over 8000 islanders, or at least semi islanders, or maybe like other islands in New England they are better known as "people from away."

Checking in with Google Earth gave me some clues as to where to launch, or in kayakeze, to "put in." Coecles Harbor, a fair sized protected harbor with good anchorages on the eastern side of the island, seemed to be ideal as there were at least two locations that offered cartop launches and free parking.

On Saturday, September 27, we passed through Sag Harbor and caught the North Haven Ferry for a five minute ride to the landing on Shelter Island. A two mile ride across the island brought us to Coecles Harbor and by 8:30am we were underway and paddling south to the harbor's entrance on Gardiners Bay. I tried to talk my paddling partner into maybe just paddling across the harbor and carrying our kayaks over the 100' wide sand dune and dumping them on the other side into Gardiners Bay, thereby saving nearly four miles, but I think he thought that the maneuver might somehow negate our circumnavigation title so we were off for the full measure.

## Shelter Island Paddle

By Hugh McManus

In selecting the date for the paddle I had previously gone over the tides and currents and came to the conclusion that we wanted to have both in our favor as much as possible as there were a couple of spots off Greenport where the passage choked down to a quarter of a mile or so across, and with the water depth ranging from 21' to 90' there would be a lot of water trying to compete for that opening and that, of course, would result in tide rips.

The weather was excellent with the winds still pretty light. Our counter clockwise route would take us across the eastern side of the island where we were looking to make a left turn at Hay Beach Point about four miles or so distant from our Coecles Harbor exit. The flood tide began to make an appearance as my handheld GPS was showing we were averaging about 4mph and I wanted to make sure that we made it across and down the island's north side before the tide changed.

When I was planning the paddle and viewing our route in Google Earth I found a market in Dering Harbor just past the Shelter Island Y/C that looked like a place where we might be able to get a cup of coffee, so after making that left turn to travel across the north side of the island we made our way into Dering Harbor to locate our "satellite" identified coffee stop. Hailing a stand up paddler who confirmed that coffee was indeed available, we made our way to the waterfront market where a few tables with diners could be seen. Paddling up to the bulkhead about 10' from the nearest table I inquired if there was someone from the market that could take our order. One of the lunch customers volunteered to handle the coffee order and reached down about 3' to collect our money and soon returned with our large coffees. That worked out well because I hadn't been looking forward to wiggling out of my cockpit and climbing up onto the bulkhead, all without getting wet.



As we made our way back out of the harbor I couldn't help but notice the fleet of sailboats at the Shelter Island Y/C. Stopping by one of the boats that was crewed and getting ready to hoist their sails I learned that they were Herrshoffs 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>s. Some had glass hulls with mahogany trim and others were all wood with lots of brightwork and all were in excellent condition. The club has about 65 of the "H12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>s" and has been racing them for over 40 years.

Downing the coffee while it was still hot, we made our way out of the harbor and into the thoroughfare between Shelter Island and North Fork's Greenport which, when I last passed through here in the 1960s, was very much a working harbor that supported a fleet of scallop boats that, like the old CG 36s, had apparently weighed anchor some time ago. It was here that we encountered those tide rips that at first looked like we were approaching a vessel's wake, but we soon learned that it was the current that was causing a stretch of troubled water that was actually entertaining.



Pushing through the standing waves we passed by the other ferry that services Shelter Island from Greenport. It was evident now that the tide had definitely turned to flood and was helping propel us west to Jennings Point. The island has many well appointed homes along the shoreline, some right on the beach and others can be found up on higher ground that must have been some comfort when Hurricane Sandy came calling in 2012. Many of the wooden bulkheads along the shore appeared to be fairly new with many possibly going in after the storm. There were also some sections of coastline that still showed evidence of storm damage and were in the process of restoration. My GPS was registering an average of just over 4mph so we were making pretty good time.

Coming left around Jennings Point and approaching the west side of the island where a sand bar curves around to protect West







Neck Harbor, I was aware that there was a spot that we could do a 100' carry across that bar and save a couple of miles if we wanted to check out the harbor. By then I was looking forward to getting out of the boat as I had discovered that my recently acquired used kayak, while in otherwise pristine condition, had a seat that was slightly narrower than the portion of my anatomy that occupied it. I had also discovered that after a few hours in that seat things tend to go somewhat numb and don't always respond well to commands to move when I'd like them to. Tom thought the carry was a good idea and we pulled in and both managed to more or less gracefully exit our boats.

We completed the 100' carry that took us over an unpaved road that wasn't on the chart and deposited both boats on the beach inside Shelter Island's West Neck Harbor. We were now about halfway into the paddle and took a little time out for lunch and to see how we were for time vs tide as I didn't want to be paddling against the incoming tide on that last leg up the south side of the island. As it turned out we looked good on both accounts so we decided to see how far up into West Neck Harbor and Bay we could go.

Two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches washed down with some water and a can of Starbucks double shot espresso and we were ready to check out the harbor and bay area. It was a great spot, apparently very popular, and being a weekend there were lots of anchored boats and people enjoying themselves.



Paddling by a number of moored vessels I was drawn over to a black hulled vessel that appeared to be a vintage Elco. The old gal obviously had many miles under her keel but looked like she wasn't ready to give up the ghost yet. We continued up the harbor and into the upper bay where homes and docks lined each side of the waterway which terminated at the mouth of West Neck Bay where we made a 180° turn to get back on track so that we could finish the trip before the sun went down.

Back out into Shelter Island Sound and heading across to the North Haven Ferry we passed by a wedding reception going on at one of the large homes just to the north of

the ferry slip and apparently the wedding photographer had a drone up in the air for some aerial shots. I was surprised to see how high the craft was going and wondered how he recovered the thing. As I pondered that thought I watched as he brought it back down to where he was standing and just reached out and plucked it out of the air.

Nearing the ferry I was wondering what to expect for current as the tide had changed over to ebb and was flowing out of North Haven moving both left and right past the ferry slip. As it turned out I was pleasantly surprised to not encounter an opposing current as we pushed through the 700 yard wide passage between North Haven and Shelter Island heading over to the two mile distant Mashomack Point. Glancing down at my handheld GPS I could see it was registering a 7mph reading that lasted for about five minutes until the water opened up some and the current dropped off. These speed readings were, of course, a combination of paddling and current speeds and while it's always nice to get a boost from the tide and current our Solstices were very much capable of a sustained 3-4mph speed.

Mashomack Point is home to the Shelter Island's 2,100 acre Mashomack Preserve that comprises nearly one third of the island and has been left in its natural state. Twenty miles of walking paths, tidal creeks and marshes can be found there and I wanted to see what those creeks looked like from a kayak, but time was no longer on our side as the sun crept lower in the sky as we continued on our way around the Point and across Majors Harbor heading four miles to that last left turn into Coecles Harbor where we started from.

As we approached the entrance to the harbor it was very much evident that we were paddling against the current as Coecles Harbor was emptying its water out through its narrow opening to the bay. Not a big issue as we pushed through it and were soon in the harbor and looking for our two mile distant take out which we determined was almost right below where the sun was setting. At about 7:10pm we arrived at our take out. My GPS informed me that our 27.7 mile paddle lasted for nine hours, 51 minutes and averaged 3mph. The lunch and coffee break were apparently not figured in as they showed no advance.



Nancy and I usually plan to get away to the Canadian Maritimes each Fall for some paddling and fun together, but this Fall shaped up differently. Our son Mark, now living in Austin, Texas, had decided to show his two older boys, 7 and 9 years old, where he had grown up in Maine. And that included a lot of boating, hiking and seafood, besides getting reacquainted.

Dad (that's me) had reactivated his 1997 Dodge van so that everybody, including our big and boisterous yellow lab, Willoughby, had lots of room to spread out. Nancy and I were gearing up for a very active week in early September. The three "boys" arrived at the Portland airport around midnight. And my, had the two youngsters grown since we last saw them in Bellingham, Washington! The post-midnight snack of fresh, smoked mussels and various other yummy food items disappeared in no time, while father and son celebrated the moment with a glass of white wine; ginger ale for Nancy and the boys.

A scrumptious buffet breakfast in our Portland hotel was appreciated by the three hungry travelers, followed by a lengthy, high-energy swim in the empty pool and a drive out to Portland Head Light. Our daughter Brenda and two kids had joined the watery fun and hike around the lighthouse park. And when it was time for the cousins to get to know each other better, as well as brother and sister to reacquaint, Dad (that is me again) drove down to the Portland Promenade, put in his solo outrigger canoe and enjoyed two hours of solitude around the Diamond Islands and a few more. I needed that! This is about the same loop I have paddled several times with our daughter Brenda in two solo boats.

Meanwhile back at the ranch", in Orono that is, our "Texans" moved into our guest room in the barn/boathouse, right on the banks of the Stillwater River. The boys were indefatigable, jumping off the ledge shore into the river and swimming around and over each other like otters. Lunch sandwiches finally lured them back ashore.

### River Fest

Then the boats came out. Each boy was fitted with properly sized life jackets and paddles. We started out paddling my Penobscot 16 across to the group of islands in the river, looking for muskrats, beavers, ducks, turtles and the last of the white water lilies. The younger boy, Stellan, was sitting on the stern seat, facing aft, with me on the bow seat facing the same direction. This helps with boat trim, and is also easier for the younger kids to get their paddles in the water. (I do the same with our Maine grandson Zachary, also age 7.) Stellan had his heart set on seeing

## Fall Paddling with Family and Friends

By Reinhard Zollitsch  
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moose. By the end of the week his count was up to seven, while the rest of us must have missed them somehow.



Willoughby on lookout.

Our dog Willoughby felt very much left out of all that watery fun so he and I finally paddled my old yellow Royalex canoe, he on constant look-out with paws on the bow seat or even the tiny bow plate. Mark, back from making a few business calls, took my place in the green Penobscot with Stellan, while the older boy Aidan was eager to try out my, and also Mark's, first kayak ever, a touring Baldwin, even using my old but very light home-made double-bladed paddle.



40 years in a Baldwin kayak: RZ, son Mark, grandson Aidan.

Three generations had now used this boat as their first paddling boat. What a historic moment! I still remember (40 years ago!) putting a long rope on the stern of the boat when 6-year old Mark insisted on trying out Dad's new kayak in early Spring. Since we had no second boat for safety, this way I could reel him back in like a fish. However, he was such a fast learner that he soon

learned to steer the boat and could return to the put-in, that is, when he decided it was time to come back, which was always longer than what I had in mind. (Note: He spent his last high school years in California so he could train year-round to make the national team in Olympic flatwater kayaks, which he did. He sure was one precocious kid.)

Fun was had by all, including Willoughby, while Nancy recorded the events with her camera. A big pan of fresh haddock with all the fixings was a fitting ending for the first boating day in Maine.

### The Coast of Maine

Then we were off to the coast, to our cottage in the small fishing village of Corea. The lobsters were very much appreciated, once the boys learned how to get to the meat, a fun challenge for the boys. Nancy's blueberry pie, made with fresh-frozen Maine wild blueberries and a real crust (none of that supermarket cardboardy tasting stuff!) disappeared in no time. Yum! While Nancy and I did the dishes, "the boys" went to the beach, and at low tide were even able to walk across the bar to Inner Bar Island. What a treat for our little Texans.

The evening got properly cool, so a fire in the cast-iron Franklin stove was in order. I don't know if we toasted marshmallows over the coals, or not. I'll have to check with Nancy. I was nursing a cool beer, you see?

Next morning we were off to Mount Desert Island. We four "boys" hiked to the top, while Nancy was kind enough to meet us on the summit, with the van. This was already our second mountain we had climbed. On the way home from Portland, we had stopped at Freeport/Pownal and climbed Bradbury Mountain, which offers great views towards the ocean, just like Cadillac Mountain, only on a slightly smaller scale.

Our three visiting boys then opted to drive back to Corea to do some more serious beachcombing. We had strategically left a second car at Park headquarters, because this was an optional plan from the beginning.

Each day of their stay was filled with new activities. Our son Mark especially loved trying out my new lightweight solo STORM outrigger canoe, which made me feel very good. Time flew by much too fast, and after one more seafood dinner at home (fried haddock as well as a fancy scallop dish) and lots more swimming and boating, they finally had to catch a bus in Bangor, which would take them to Portland, from whence they flew home to Texas. At the bus stop, in the field behind the back parking lot, Stellan "saw" yet another moose, and he was sure he would like to move to Maine eventually.

Grandpa and the boys on the Stillwater River.



Three boats full of "Zollitsch Boys".





It looked as if the boys liked the place where their Dad had grown up, which made Mark's grandparents (Nancy and me that is) glow with happiness. The boys only wished Maine wasn't so far away from Texas. But who knows, they might move again, maybe to Boston, or anywhere in New England, but preferably to Maine. Until then, memories and lots of pictures will have to do. Nancy and I gave them all a warm grandparental hug, and waved them good-bye with a big smile. "We did it! And I think they had a great time! Thanks, Nancy! Phew!"

### The Salzburg Connection

Nancy and I barely had a week to recover from all this activity, when a young German paddling friend of mine, now living and working in the Salzburg, Austria area, had planned to do some serious paddling on the Atlantic with the "old dude" (that is me again). When I paddled along the German coast of the Baltic Sea from Denmark to Poland in 2002 and wrote about it in the German *Kanu-Sport* magazine, he was fascinated and impressed by my venture in an open canoe (an Old Town Penobscot 16). Manfred is a well-known professional tennis coach in the area and an avid canoeist, having paddled several Canadian rivers.

You guessed it. He found my website with all the reports on trips he wished he had done. So he e-mailed me with lots of questions, about boats and trips, but especially my touring canoe, my Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe, a totally new concept for him, and any European for that matter.

"Why don't you come over here and try it out?" was my response, and he did. This September was already his fourth visit with us in Maine. Manfred is the same age as our son Mark. He even has the same initials: MZ. So in September, MZ visited RZ, stayed in the guest room, where our MZ lived as a student, here at the University of Maine in Orono, and over the years has paddled all of RZ's boats, from whitewater and marathon solo and doubles racing boats (mostly Jensen-designed Wenonah boats, all fast wood-strippers, Kevlar and carbon-fiber boats), but also my solo outrigger, and especially my Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe. I forgot to mention, soon after my Baltic trip, Manfred bought himself a Penobscot 16, from the same dealer in Hamburg who lent me his brand-new, green Penobscot 16 for my trip, free of charge in exchange for my articles and pictures for advertising purposes.



Manfred testing my boats on the Stillwater.

### Atlantic Sojourns

So here is what we were able to cram into a "perfect paddling week", as he put it. I took it easy on the "poor boy" the first day, after he had arrived in Bangor the night before with a serious case of jet-lag: just an easy 5-mile loop, dam to dam, on the Still-

water River behind our house. A swim in the river instead of a lengthy shower saved time for a significant cookout of Angus porterhouse steaks, washed down with a cool Sam Adams Boston lager beer. Dessert was a cherry cream-cheese pie, one of Nancy's very popular sweet concoctions.

Next day we were off early in our van with the Kruger Sea Wind and my outrigger on the roof. We were headed for the Camden/Rockport area. Nancy was kind enough to put us in at the quaint little harbor of Rockport (not Rockland!). The weather could not have been better. We paddled out the bay and around Indian Island Light and the outlying ledges, before we turned north, up Penobscot Bay, towards Camden's picturesque lighthouse on Curtis Island. We took pictures of each other as we looped around it. Camden harbor proper was full of sailboats and even a few windjammers (most of them we saw out on the bay), before taking out at the Camden town ramp beside Wayfarer Marine.

It was lunchtime, perfect for some steamed spicy mussels at the Waterfront Restaurant. After that we "climbed" Mount Battie, but let the van do all the work. The view from the top was spectacular. It was especially nice for me to see all the islands I had recently paddled around: Islesboro, North Haven, Vinalhaven, Deer Isle and Isle au Haut, just to mention the bigger ones. I could see Manfred's eyes turning big and dreamy. Well, maybe some time, you will be doing that too. The islands do not run away.

### Rounding Schoodic Point

Since the weather report was good, we headed right out the next day. This time towards Schoodic Point, the eastern part of Acadia National Park. On our last visit, Manfred desperately wanted to round this rather formidable point, but halfway there, we decided the sea conditions were getting worse, and it looked like a chancy undertaking. But he must have thought about that point all winter long. It became his Mount Everest. He had to round it this year. He was again paddling my Kruger Sea Wind, and I was in my older outrigger canoe, my Surfrigger.

We put in at Frazer Point near Winter Harbor and paddled a good hour out to the point. By then some wind and waves had built off the bare granite headland. Waves were breaking onto the bold rocks in spectacular fashion, but we were confident we could handle it. He was elated! Nancy even recorded our successful rounding with her camera. We then went on around Big and Little Moose Island, Spruce Point and eventually into Bunkers Harbor, the first take-out spot after 2.5 hours of paddling, about 8 miles.

Another trip the next day. This time to Mount Desert Island, where Nancy put us in at Somesville, at the head of Somes Sound, the only Atlantic fjord in the US, the tourist folders proclaim. The views were spectacular again, but quite different from the views of the open ocean around Schoodic Point. Two hours later we cruised into Northeast Harbor, where Nancy was waiting in the van



Rounding Schoodic Point.

Past Mark I. and Cadillac Mt. to the point.





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with a picnic lunch of ham sandwiches. It does not get much better. And yes, we drove up Mount Cadillac again, from where Manfred and I could see where we had paddled the two previous days.

Come tomorrow, we were off again to our cottage in the little fishing village of Corea for some serious lobsters, baked potatoes, steamed corn-on-the-cob and Nancy's pièce de résistance, blueberry pie. But Nancy made us work for it again, which we gladly did. She dropped us off at high tide at the very top of Gouldsboro Bay, just off route #1, from where we paddled all the way back into Corea Harbor, again a tad over two hours. Since the lobster co-op there was out of the smaller hard-shelled lobsters, we settled for 2-pounders, and I am telling you, they were GOOD! So was Nancy's blueberry pie. A glass of wine in front of the fireplace after sundown, when it was getting colder, felt real nice.



Put-in on top of Gouldsboro Bay.

After some more Corea beachcombing and sightseeing the next day, we returned to Orono for a scrumptious haddock supper, Manfred's favorite. There was only one more thing he wanted to do: paddle on rather large Pushaw Pond (just west of Orono/Old Town), which we did the next morning as the weather pattern was finally changing. Lake paddling is so different from paddling on the ocean, but a 25-knot tailwind added some excitement for both of us on our way home.

### 'Til We Meet Again

Next day was the day Manfred would take a bus back to Boston and fly home to Munich, Germany and Salzburg, Austria eventually. But there was still time for one last loop on the Stillwater River and trying out my new Storm outrigger. And then Manfred was off again, having paddled the boats and areas he dreamt of all year. Fortunately the weather cooperated with our trip plans; we felt very lucky and accomplished. And special thanks go again to Nancy who made it all possible. We both think she is a gem. Thanks my dear!

Good-bye, Manfred, till we meet again, and do some more serious fun paddling together. It is a joy knowing you and seeing you appreciate the same things I do. You not only have the same initials and interests as our son Mark, you very much remind us of him. And you keep the "old dude", me that is, challenged, which I like very much. So, when will you be back? Any more significant point-roundings in your dreams? Check out the charts and the DeLorme Maine atlas I sent you last Christmas.

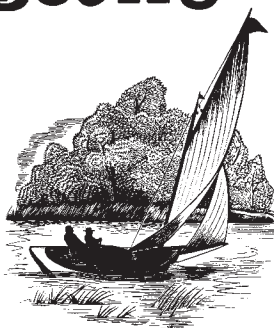
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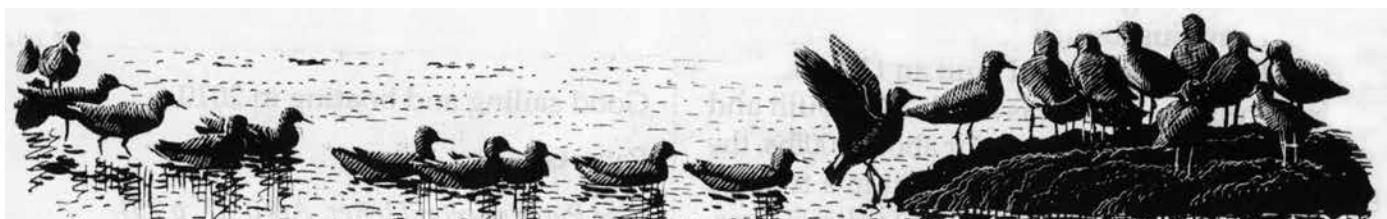
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The brown oak leaves crunched beneath our feet as we pulled our two kayaks through the oak grove. A late October chill filled the air, scented with rotting leaves. It was 47° and climbing as the sun poked its head out of the popcorn filled sky. The two wooden kayaks bounced around as our tote wheels found fallen acorns to crush or smash into the soft soil. It would probably be our last paddle on the suburban Des Plaines River outside Chicago.

As we neared the put in site, several dozen walking Canada geese broke ranks on the ground and moved aside. They were just tame locals. The put in banking was partially dead sweeper and mud flat. Several rotting golf balls decorated the slimy mess of rotting tree branches and plastic bottles. On the bright side, a 2mph current carried floating leaves downstream and the water was clear and flat with little wind.

We quickly assembled our kayaks and hooked Daredevil lures to our fishing rods. It was fall harvest time and we hoped to catch a northern pike in this cold fall water. The pike were stocked a couple years ago and I have managed to catch two so far. Just maybe today Mike will catch one. I hoped to harvest a few stray Callaway golf balls from the banks upstream in the golf course also.



Number 1 son Mike ready to launch his Pop off mudflat.

Mike held my little kayak as I got in because of the slippery goo on the bank. This little kayak is only 9' long and weighs just 25lbs. I decided to use it today because it's easier to handle making quick turns when dodging rocks and stumps. I launched and Mike followed. We began paddling hard against that swirling current. I like to locate the lesser current by paddling within a couple of feet of the bank. Sometimes I find an eddy going my way helping me fight the current. My little kayak allowed me to zigzag around shoreline logs, stumps and dead trees in my way. Some of those trees were felled by a beaver recently introduced by the DNR.

A sunken rusted mortar box once used as a boat brought back teenage memories.



## The Last Fall Paddle of 2014

By Bob McAuley

Besides the old castoff tires polluting the river, I came upon the rusty, sunken remains of one of our old steel mortar box boats! Those were our first paddling and poling boats we used as teenagers when we first navigated these mysterious river waters. Life was so carefree then. I snapped a picture of it and paddled on. After 20 minutes of paddling we finally reached the glory hole. Mike opted to stay there and fish because his shoulders were sore. I kept paddling upstream another 20 minutes headed for the golf course. It's a good workout I tell myself.

One major obstacle to overcome is the passing under the highway bridge with its shallow and swift current during the low water depth of the long fall dry season. It's like paddling up a small rapids. I aimed for a flat spot between boulders or rocks and paddled like hell. After two minutes of thrashing at the cold, fast flowing water, I finally reached the top of the flow. There the current was even faster! Later I realized it was actually the throat of a venturi where the flow was fastest. After passing that tiring spot I found myself on slower moving water. I was bushed and just sat back and caught my breath. But I had arrived!

I quickly paddled along the banks looking for the white balls. It's like searching for gold nuggets in Alaska. No, I haven't found any of those yet! In no time I scooped several balls with my "Hi Tech" golf ball scooper. Some of the balls were embedded 5'-10' up in the vertical bank. A month ago I couldn't reach them. Today was different. I quickly assembled my newly invented bamboo extensions with a bolted on #2 bean can attached and captured at least three high bank balls! Of the dozen balls captured, four were excellent Callaways.



Hi Tech Golf Ball Extractor we use to help clean up the river.

Golf Ball Extractor details. The tin can version is used on hard to get balls stuck on high banks.



With time and energy running out, I folded up my golf ball recovery gear and let Mother Nature gently pull my kayak downstream. I leaned back and just steered while the kayak slid swiftly over that mini rapids and under the bridge. Exhausted, I just paddled enough to keep us parallel with the current as a headwind picked up. As I headed downstream into the afternoon sun, I cast for pike but nothing was biting.

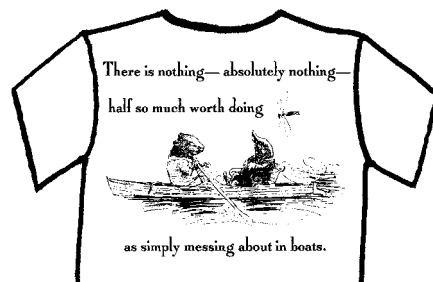
Fifteen minutes later I met up with Mike. He had no bites. We had used a variety of lures and I said "let's go" as we had been out almost two hours in our cramped kayaks. He agreed as I changed to a Rattler lure I had found in a weed bed last year. My first cast before leaving netted me a bent over rod as a hungry pike smacked that lure. It was my third pike in nearly the same spot. Mike manned the camera. I released the fish and handed my rod to Mike. We hung around some more but that pike wouldn't be fooled again.



Author with third pike caught in same spot in river.

Mike landed first and steadied my kayak as I got out. Mike's my #1 son. On my mind that day was the wish that Mike would catch that pike. Next time? Also on my mind was my former paddling chum. Bob Sullivan was the last person to paddle my little kayak. He had passed away six weeks earlier and I missed him. I hope we both had a good day on the water. Maybe he was with me in spirit.

Keep on Paddlin!



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In early August I spent ten days on the 100 mile Marshall Lake circuit. It is located 40-50 miles northwest of Nakima, Ontario. I paddled a 15' wood canvas Chestnut Chum canoe, not because I'm all that traditional, I just like Chestnuts. I restore them over the winter and have used them for my trips exclusively for many years. Cracked ribs, busted planks and torn canvas are all part of the price I have to pay for the joy I receive from them year round.

I want to thank Rob Haslam and his wife Irene for their wonderful hospitality along with excellent route information and encouragement. Not at all an "epic" trip, but at 66 years old I know my limitations and he assured me that I would do well. The Haslam's live in Geraldton, Ontario, where Rob has been leading "Outer's" trips for the local high school for many years.

The Marshall Lake put in has a very nice 1200 meter driveable road leading from the parking lot, but regulations prohibit private vehicles from using it. I walked it in two trips and completed it in one hour.



Marshall Lake put in at the end of a 1200 meter hike from the parking area.

At the Marshall Lake put in, I could see the waves that I had to deal with from the get go. The reeds helped calm them down so I hugged the shoreline to make any headway. I was able to use point/reed/determination to make it a few miles down the lake to a small island campsite. I set up my tarp just before a storm came in. Being crown land, a fisherman had left a nice bench to sit on while I cooked dinner over my twig stove (Littl'bug Stove).

The next morning the wind was still a factor but an early start got me off the big lake before it became a problem. My first portage was at a spot not far from where the Gripp River flows out of Marshall Lake. An old trapper's cabin greeted me by the trail. I peeked inside and wondered what life was like living out here during the trapping season. It was small but appeared to be pretty comfortable in its prime.

It has been a long time since this trapper's cabin has been used.



## Marshall Lake Loop Trip

By Robin Lauer  
Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter  
WCHA Newsletter

A couple more portages and I entered Gripp Lake. I didn't have any campsite information for this lake so I just found a suitable spot for my little tent and set up camp. A flat spot with moss is hard to beat. I cooked a pickerel that I caught earlier with some Idahoan instant potatoes. Cooking fish over the twig stove in a "cold handle" frying pan requires constant attention but the rewards are excellent.



These "cold handle" frying pans are getting hard to find.

The next day I explored Gripp Lake after breakfast. I caught another pickerel and found an excellent campsite at the western edge of the lake to have a shore lunch. First Nations folks had left a frame for their canvas tent behind the site and a stack of firewood. I didn't need the wood as there were plenty of small branches lying about to cook my fish. Another great meal topped off with some Cowboy Coffee.

After a quick nap I returned to my canoe and packed up. I headed down the remainder of Gripp and found a great campsite up on a ridge over the lake. It was a great spot with tons of blueberries and moss on which to set up my tent again.

The next morning I got an early start after pancakes with fresh blueberries and made my way down the Gripp River to Summit Lake. Summit is shallow with lots of wild rice, lots of birds, ducks, eagles, pelicans, a lone swan, loons and osprey. I made camp, again just beating an approaching storm and settled in for the night. The next morning was another calm, beautiful day.

Leaving Summit Lake, I entered the Powitik River where I had to get out and walk the shallow rips.

Some more shallow rips, these were easier to wade than to portage.



That evening I camped again on a nice rocky outcrop. I heard a bull moose moving around back in the bush, his low cough giving his gender away. The next morning another moose walked down the shoreline at daybreak, I didn't move quickly enough to snap a picture but I did manage to catch a glimpse. This was the last of the moose that I would see.

The Powitik drops into the larger Kapikotongwa River and it's a long paddle to the next good campsite. I lucked out without much wind to speak of until later in the day. I arrived at the sandy campsite just as the breeze began to blow the pesky mosquitoes away. It was a nice site and later that evening I enjoyed a well deserved nightcap without any bugs.

The next morning I ran into headwinds and struggled down the rest of my time on the Kap. I arrived at beautiful Stewart Lake by noon and stopped for lunch, some instant potatoes with coffee. After a short nap in some shade I was ready to get back on the water.



Packed up and ready to go for another leg of the journey.

Going upstream I portaged around rapids to Stone Lake, which was much larger than I had imagined and the headwinds worrisome. There is only one campsite on the lake and I wondered if I would make it before dark. Soon the winds died down and I made it to my campsite with time to spare. I caught one more pickerel for my last fish dinner, right from the shore at the site.



The next morning I got an early start after another pancake breakfast with fresh blueberries.

I was concerned about the one mile portage from Stone to Ara Lake but it was not all that bad, some blowdowns to get by, not all that wet, just a three mile walk for my double carry. I stayed at a point on Ara Lake as



the wind was too strong to make the one mile open water crossing. The next morning was no better and I stayed put, drinking coffee and waiting.

By about 11am it died down enough for me to give it a shot. My Chestnut is somewhat deep so I kneeled in the canoe and made my crossing. Although I had seen no other people the first seven days of the trip, I was happy there was a fishing boat not far away from a fly in lodge. At my last campsite the wind continued to blow and a storm came in also, but I was able to keep dry under my old tarp and enjoy some pasta.

My last portage out of Mete Lake was a mile and a quarter. I took out my SPOT and sent an OK message just to let the folks back home know that I was still traveling safely. Although it was long with a few blowdowns and wet spots, my final portage went well and I enjoyed a warm beer that I had stashed in the truck. With muddy pants and a very tired look I started the long drive back to Connecticut.

The Chum and the gear, ready for the final portage.



Packing up for the long ride home.

Solo tripping at its best in the wilderness of western Ontario.



**Editor Lapey Comments:** Robin Lauer is Norumbega's only Connecticut member, living in Norfolk, Connecticut, where he collects and restores wooden canoes, mainly Chestnuts. Follow Robin's adventures on: [www.canoetripping.net](http://www.canoetripping.net). It is a great website that I check almost every day.

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It was a few days after we returned from a weekend at Cayuga Lake, crashing a Goat Island Skiff meet, that Desiree decided another final trip before winter was required. *Pelican* had already been winterized, but on a boat with no inboard motor or plumbing that doesn't mean much. So lessons learned from the Cayuga Lake trip were applied. The boom was stiffened, carabiner hooks, storage boxes, anchor line, etc., were bought and the 6" memory foam mattress was cut to shape and installed. We left for Duffy Creek Marina on the Sassafras River late Tuesday morning from our home in northeast Pennsylvania. It was a short 145 mile trip and our 2001 4-Runner V6 had no trouble towing the 3000 pounds.

We'd chosen Duffy Creek Marina as a launch site for the convenience of having a protected ramp and secure parking. The Georgetown ramp is close by but it's narrow and the parking is just on the side streets. There are five or six marinas, restaurants and marine stores in the area so repairs and parts are not an issue there. The \$12 launch fee and \$6 daily parking were considered well spent. After topping up the water canisters and rigging the unstayed masts, we launched.

This is where Phil Bolger's genius shines through. Rigging a Martha Jane is a ten minute, one man event. The mizzen mast is dropped into its socket and the sheets rigged out to the block at the end of the bumpkin. Putting my weight on the end of the mainmast pivots the 20" Schedule 40 aluminum pipe in the tabernacle and it's just a few seconds work to put in the chock. Attach the boom down haul and main sheets, fold the rudder down and attach the little 5hp outboard and we're ready to go.

We motored out of the narrow channel into the river around 4pm under partly cloudy skies with a light westerly wind. Hoisting the main we shut down the donkey and beat downriver a few miles. The water is brown and brackish, being so far up Chesapeake Bay, and we used it only for cleaning dishes and bathing. The river channel is buoyed but we ignored it. With an 18" draft and a kick-up rudder, checking charted depths is pointless. If I can see the bottom it's time to tack. We slowly beat up to the point on Shellcross Neck to the red spar buoy #8 before turning to run down to our proposed anchorage behind Daffodil Island.

A few other boats went by on the river under motor but we had Woodland Creek to ourselves. I furled the mizzen and dropped the mainsail while Desiree conned us into the inlet. After circling little wooded Daffodil

## A Trip on the Sassafras River

By Leigh Ross  
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Island and its two little sandy beaches, one on each side, east and west, she opted to beach us at a little sandy cove on the eastern shore of the creek. Some kind soul has mowed an area there, installed two picnic tables, a fire pit, trash barrel and down a little wooded path, a long drop toilet, complete with TP. I set out a sheet anchor while Desiree walked the food and stove ashore and secured *Pelican* to a tree.

After dinner, a glass of wine and watching the sunset we retired to bed. By the light of LED headlights we read for a while before turning in. Later that night the predicted rain proved that my repairs to the companionway hatch and forward hatch were indeed watertight. A change of wind brought a little slapping under the flat stern run and cleared the clouds away so that in the early dawn hours we were able to watch the total eclipse of the moon.

Wednesday morning brought clear skies and a cool breeze so after breakfast ashore we packed up, set sail and beat down the Sassafras as far as Turner Creek. A fresh breeze of 15 to 20 knots gave me an opportunity to see how this little water ballasted yawl would stand up to her canvas. We had read about how a few MJs had capsized and that Phil had published the 510a version of the MJ with a raised coach roof, stern buoyancy sponsons and a 500lb steel keel plate to improve stability. Other owners had suggested that competence under sail was all that was really required.

I was very pleased with her stability. She carried full sail to windward, pinching a little in gusts and easing the main at times. I kept a hand on the main sheet at all times. I feel a boat like this should be sailed like a racing dinghy, main sheet in hand and seldom even in the jam cleat. Desiree, being a new sailor, wasn't very happy with all the "tipping" and retired below to continue knitting a shawl. My Dix 39 in the same conditions would have been reduced to a reefed main and a #3 jib to windward, but she is over-canvased. If handled properly an MJ tacks very quickly, but if one is careless it will get stuck in irons as the mizzen fills and brings her head to wind before the rudder gains author-

ity on the new tack. Having Desiree handle the leeboards while I tacked made things go smoothly for the most part.

The Sassafras river offers a mix of scenery, some areas are just rows of fancy homes, others are unspoiled natural areas. Turner Creek's north side is not one of the those. The guides mention that it's a tight passage but when depth isn't a factor it's a lot easier. We looked inside to size it up as an overnight anchorage but all the homes and moored boats made us decide to return to Woodland Creek for the night.

Turner Creek State Park has a nice dock and on our next visit we will likely tie up there and explore the trails and walks in the park. Leaving the creek we sailed up to one of two little sandy beaches a few hundred yards from the Turner Creek mouth. We explored a bit, had lunch and set out to provide a limited audience of ospreys, cormorants and fishermen a spectacular example of poor seamanship.

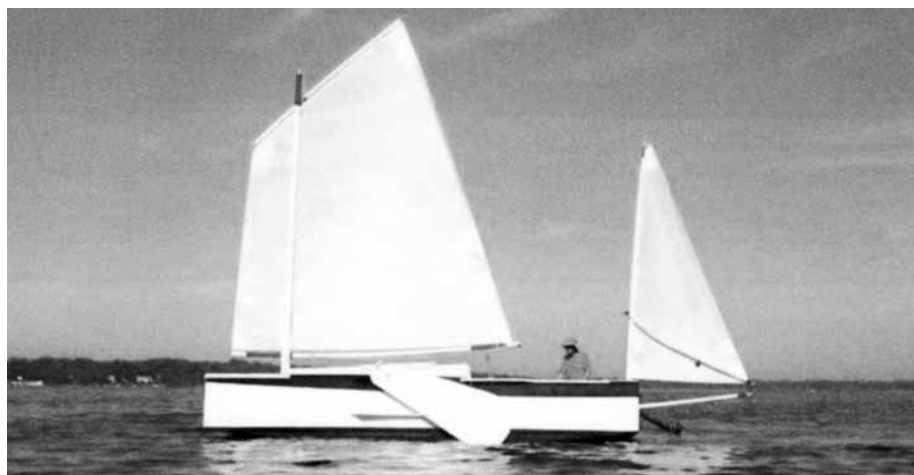
This is my first boat in 40 years of sailing that features truly variable underwater geometry. We motored off the beach and while Desiree kept us head to wind I hoisted the main. This promptly blew our head downwind, the sail into the water and the yard cocked to the sky and tangled in the lazy jacks. Note to self, always drop both leeboards when under power to provide a pivot point for the rudder to act around.

After tidying, up a bit we beached her and sorted out the mess. Then a glorious run/reach back to our sandy cove. Desiree was in her element, a sunny day, a boat running downwind and knitting needles in her hands. What more could she want? Dinner. Back to the cove in Woodland Creek. After dinner we decided to spend the night on a mooring buoy between the shore and Daffodil Island. I slung a LED camp lantern I'd bought for \$30 at Walmart in the lazy jacks as an anchor light. It's amazingly bright and powered by three D cells promises 150 hours of use. There are few pleasures in life more satisfying than lying to a secure mooring in a quiet backwater, a good wife by your side, book in one hand and a glass of liquor in the other. And so to bed.

Thursday dawned clear and sunny. The creeks are very sheltered by the high trees so we motored down the western branch to see what we could see. Mostly trees. The creek narrows and shallows to about 3' until just before the end where we grounded a bit on the muddy bottom. It'd make a nice quiet anchorage on a stormy night if we could get in that far. Motoring out again proved that my tuning of the motor had not solved the problem. Intermittent fuel starvation was my diagnosis.

Once we got home I pulled the tank off and found a bit of plastic on the bottom which I think was drifting over the fuel outlet and blocking it. Pure karma. As a child I'd "fed" my father's car some leaves through the gas filler hole. The leaves drifting over the fuel outlet caused intermittent engine failures identical to the ones I was now experiencing with outboard. It took him weeks of diagnosis and work until he finally pulled the gas tank and found the leaves. Sorry, Dad.

Still, starting a little 5hp two stroke occasionally isn't hard work and we were soon back out to the river. The wind was lighter than Wednesday, maybe peaking at 15kts, but I wanted to try the reefing system I'd installed. I hooked the first reef tack





over the boom hook, pulled in the clew reefing line and off we went. Much easier motion and very little speed loss.

Desiree fired up the iPad and the iSailor app. The app is free and area charts are \$4.99. I prefer it to the flytomap app as it has the names of the shore features. It has an AIS function available for an extra \$10 but I haven't tried it and am not sure if it requires more hardware. The app showed us doing 5 to 5 1/2 kts most of the time both upwind and off the wind. Not bad for a little 23' lug yawl in 15 kts of wind. We tacked back down the river again, coming out into the mouth of the river before bearing away to beach on Pond Bar.

Desiree tied us up to a stump and after lunch we went exploring. Heading north up the beach, I was looking for the mouth to the salt pond we could see through the brush and reeds on the bar. It was south of us. Still the walk brought us along a lovely beach covered in driftwood and very little trash. We ended our walk at the foot of the low sandy cliffs and turned back. When at anchor I like to be to leeward of the charter yachts to get the free fenders that lubber knots release into the sea. This time the free fender was found nestling in some driftwood by Desiree. Quite made my little cheap heart flutter.

Walking south past where we'd beached we came to the inlet to the salt pond. It was almost low tide and the current was flowing out strongly. If one drew a foot or less I think one could walk and tow one's boat into the pond for a nice drying mooring in bad weather. At high tide it would be easy. The mouth is only about 10' wide and is protected by sandbars so some reconnoitering would be wise before attempting entry. Once inside the pond opens up nicely. We walked on firm sand flats looking at the field lily pads, sea-birds, etc. Desiree found plenty of seed heads

to take home. With our treasure we retraced our steps to *Pelican* and sailed back to Woodland Creek for dinner.

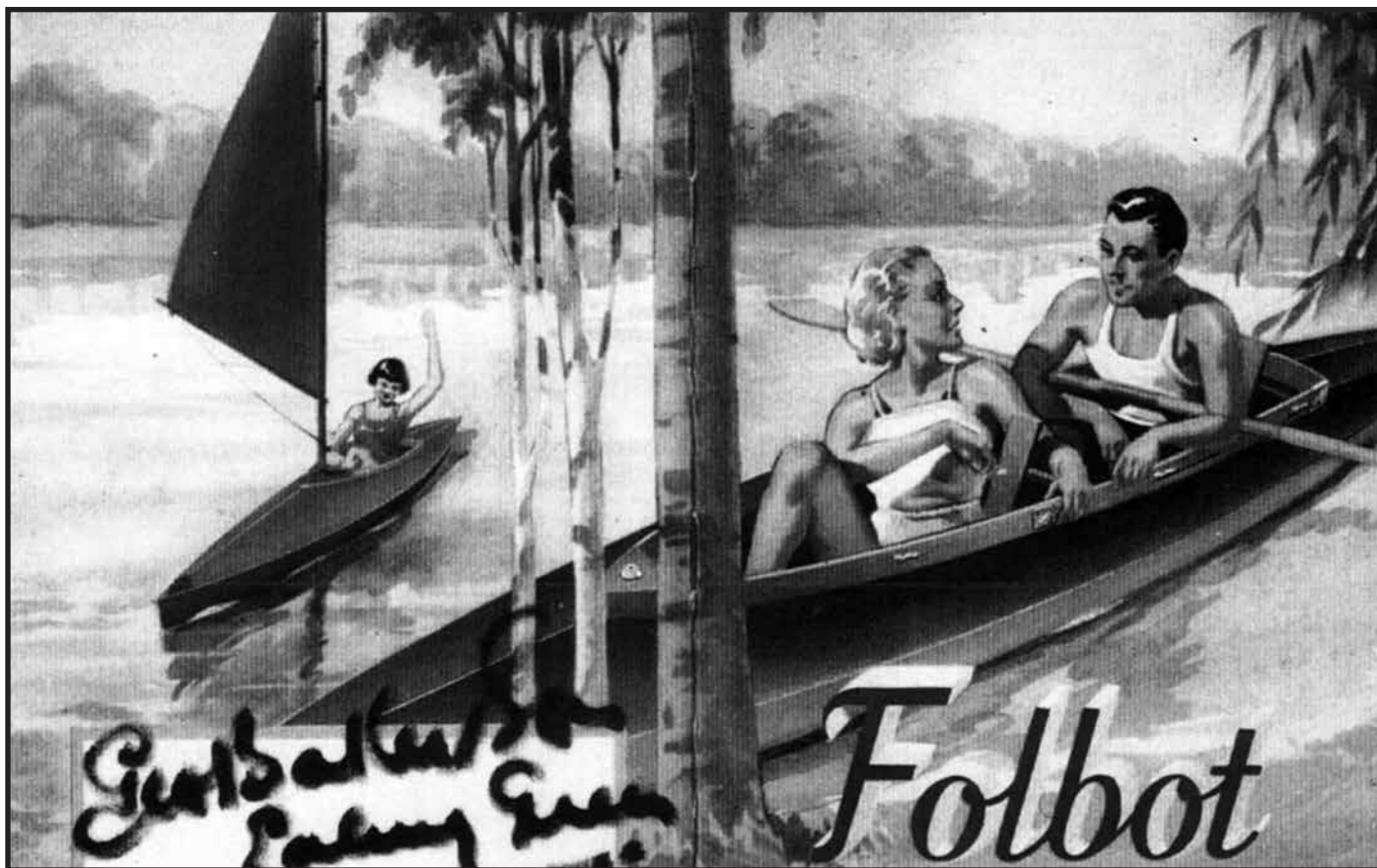


After a quiet night beached we did our morning NOAA weather forecast check on the handheld VHF. No change from the eve-

ning forecast. Rain and no wind. Time to go home. With the motor stopping occasionally we made our way upriver to Duffy's Marina. Murphy's Law dictated a final failure 50 yards from the ramp in the narrow marina channel. Fortunately it was dead calm and so I just sculled her up the channel and into the ramp area with the rudder. A useful technique I'd learned in dinghy racing where it's considered cheating.



We pulled her out and packed up. Before we left we drove into Galena, about 1 1/2 miles south of the drawbridge on Rt 213. The drawbridge was seasonal but is now supposed to be in operation year around. I didn't check. At the crossroad in Galena is a gas station and convenience store. Taking the right leads to the post office, a left to a small but well stocked supermarket. On the way back to the marina to fetch the boat we stopped at a Mexican food shop about 100 yards from the traffic lights for some treats. Early lunch was had at the local diner, Twinny's Place. Standard diner food but well made. And so back to Duffy's to fetch *Pelican* and on to home.





Feeling like well seasoned campers we were on our way again to Killarney Park, Canada, to spend another week canoe camping. We had had great success the previous year on our first trip to the park and found that we could not resist the immense beauty and solitude of its crystal clear lakes and white quartzite mountains (*MAIB*, May 2010). On that trip we were apprehensive as we launched ourselves into an unfamiliar mode of camping for us, in a place that was also new to us. We found it suited us well, the lack of conveniences of a modern campground was more than compensated for by the isolation with no need to wait our turn at the bathroom or be annoyed by passing headlights or neighboring voices. The weather had been wonderful and we had easily dealt with the few surprises we encountered.

We knew what the lay of the lakes were like now, the distances, the portages, the most desirable campsites and where to find them and how to pack. We had taken too much gear the year before and would not make that mistake again. I had bought a much smaller, lighter tent that could be attached to my backpack and there would be no cooler chest, just a food pack that could be easily secured in the treetops. Still, we did not plan to go into ultimate backpack mode. Some conveniences and luxuries do make a trip more enjoyable.

The plan this time was to start early, driving the full 550 miles to Killarney, arriving in time to launch and load the canoe and set out on our journey. We did not want to have to spend time in the drive in campground if we could avoid it, so I made reservations for a first night camp on George Lake, which meant somewhere on the lake there would be a vacant site available. This would get us away from the crowd, yet would require no portaging to get to a campsite. We knew there were two sites at the east end of the lake, not far from the first portage, and if we could secure one of those it would give us an early start the next day as well as the quiet camping spot we wanted.

From there we would go two lakes in to OSA Lake, which was similar to Killarney Lake but with more islands. We had walked the portage the year before to take a look and were eager to give that lake a try. After a couple of nights there we would go back to Killarney Lake for two more nights before heading home. For us it was an ambitious plan, but it would be a great adventure.

We got to the park in good weather and early enough for a leisurely paddle down George Lake. Check in went quickly and we

## A Painful Night in Killarney

By Hugh Groth

were on our way. Indeed there was an excellent campsite available at the east end of the lake and we had a long June evening to enjoy it. It was a clear, warm night so as dusk settled and mosquitoes came out we took a swim in the lake to escape them. Soon after we skipped the campfire and crawled into the tent, drifting off to sleep to the calls of loons. It had been a good day.

Dawn came early, bright and clear. With the sun behind us we had a perfect picture of the lake from our tent, with the stark white mountains on the north and the lightly wooded pink granite boulders and cliffs forming points of land along the south side. After a quick hot breakfast of juice and oatmeal we were packed and over to the short portage into Freeland Lake. Even then there were a few canoes coming down George Lake toward us, sensibly out early in the calm winds, most of them probably just out for a paddle around the lake, but even if they were also headed to the portage we would not have to wait. Soon we were paddling down the small, weedy but quietly beautiful Freeland Lake and landing at the muddy portage to the Killarney Lake entrance channel.

As we passed by our last year's campsite we noticed it was vacant, but we were reserved on OSA so we turned for a long look down the lake and kept going. Killarney is a large park with many lakes and potential canoe trails. Parks rarely are developed with the advantage to the canoeist as this is, with no motors allowed and cans, bottles and wheeled portaging devices banned. OSA and Killarney Lakes are, in a sense, the centerpiece of the park, OSA named for the Ontario Society of Artists and the seven artists who were largely responsible for creation of the park. They are both accessible and incredibly beautiful, ringed with white mountains and dotted with spruce covered islands.

There are two portages into OSA, one involving a lift over a small beaver dam and then a brief paddle to a rather short portage to OSA lake. It looked from a distance like that short portage had a rocky and very steep start, so we passed up the lift over and chose the longer route which we knew was level but marshy and weedy and full of bugs. Then we

emerged to a pretty, shallow beach and a fine view of OSA Lake.

The pretty little island nearest the portage seemed to be occupied, so we loaded up and paddled on down the lake, maybe a couple of miles. A larger island more than half-way down the lake had a nice, empty site so we landed and set up. It was reasonably level, had a good view and we enjoyed the rest of the day in the sun and light breeze. Again that night loons serenaded us to sleep and we awoke to another nice day, only a little overcast. In early afternoon the wind began to pick up from the east, not a good sign. As night fell the clouds thickened and a light rain started to fall.

We woke in the night to the sound of wind in the treetops, and I hoped the weather would clear by morning. It didn't. The wind was strong now and waves on the lake were beginning to show whitecaps. The wise thing to have done would have been to stay put, to wait out the weather, but our reserved itinerary called for us to move to Killarney Lake that day so we did not wait for the weather to worsen. We quickly packed up the canoe and started for the portage in the face of wind and waves that were already formidable.

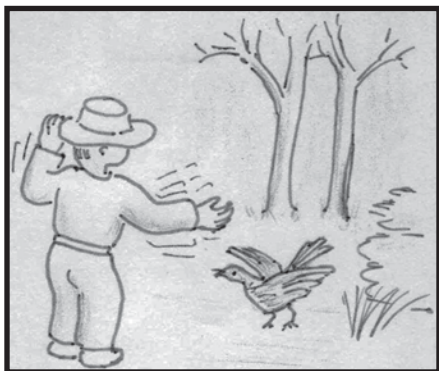
The waves gained strength as we paddled, hitting us on the starboard quarter and spraying into the boat, so we turned and headed straight into the wind. This would take us to shore a ways to the south of the portage landing, but we had no choice. I braced with both knees in the bottom of the canoe and paddled with all my strength. It seemed to take forever but we made it to land and, exhausted, paddled in the lee of the east shore to the portage.

The start of the trip had been ideal, with fair skies and light winds. Now the weather had turned sour, with a cold wind driving a steady rain. We hauled our canoe and gear back over the portage, loaded up and began to look for an empty site on Killarney Lake, hoping that the site we'd had the year before was still available. Sure enough, it was now occupied so we paddled back to the site we had just passed and set up there. It was not as nice a spot, with a restricted view, but the landing was not difficult and by now we were really tired, discouraged and in no mood to search on down the lake into the face of the wind for another.

We made the best of the rest of the day, building a campfire and warming ourselves by it. Then the rain stopped and I decided to explore on back into the woods a bit. As with many of the campsites at Killarney this



one was situated high on a point extending out into the lake so the outhouse box, just a box with a hole and a cover, was placed back in the woods far from water. I had not gone far when out of the brush came a bird, what appeared to be a cock pheasant, with its wings out and squawking furiously. He was not going to let me pass, so I retreated without argument while the pheasant pranced around sounding his irritation. This was a fine fix, held at bay by a pheasant on the war-path between us and the box in the woods. We found a short detour around his domain until dark, when he decided to give up and find a roost. Then we sat by the fire on into the evening, sipping peppermint tea and hoping the weather would clear by morning.



I awoke in the middle of the night with a horrible pain somewhere in my midsection. I tried to sit up, it hurt. I lay back down and it hurt worse. I carefully stood up, but nothing helped. The best I could do was to find a way to sit where it hurt less than other positions and wait for daylight. Maybe it would subside but I was really worried. We were two portages and at least four hours of paddling away from help, and while Mary Anne could paddle us both in the canoe, she could not be expected to carry it across a portage.

Possibly we could find help at one of the other campsites, but for now there was nothing to do but sit still and wait. This was before folks like us had cell phones and there would have been no reception there anyway. I had enough training to be of the opinion that it was not a heart attack, but I was not sure. After all, I was a prime age for it. Maybe it was appendicitis, which could be urgent enough as well. As we waited it began to get light and the pain eased a bit, enough that I felt I could help to slowly pack up the gear and get it into the canoe.


By the time we were underway it was late morning and it was a beautiful day. As we passed our campsite from the year before we noticed that now it was vacant. Under ordinary circumstances we would have stopped there, but we were necessarily headed out now. At the portage we each made two slow trips with lots of rest stops. The next portage

was short and easy, so if nothing changed it was just a matter taking it slowly, for the wind was not a factor. By the time we got to the car I was feeling enough better that I elected not to seek medical help in Sudbury, to the north, but to head south toward home.

At the car we loaded the canoe and the gear, I lay down in the back seat and Mary Anne began the long drive. The pain was still gradually lessening and after 100 miles or so I was feeling good enough to share some of the driving. Alternately resting and driving between us we made it all the way home, very late, very tired and prepared to see the doctor the next day.

The x-ray showed a very large kidney stone, still in the kidney. The doctor said that as long as it was not trying to find its way out it could not be causing the pain, so since he could find nothing else I was given no comfort and sent home. It was years of on off pain ending in a very difficult kidney stone removal before it was clear what had happened. The tough paddling of the morning evidently got the kidney stone moving, and since it was too big to get out it simply plugged the outlet and the kidney began to swell up. A feisty rooster pheasant blocking the way to the box in the woods did not help, then I topped off the day with a large mug of peppermint tea. The inevitable result is obvious.

After all these years I still cannot face a cup of peppermint tea.



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### From Axel

The Swiss Garfield-Paddlers went paddling in the lagoon and canals of Venice. Our group calls itself "Garfield-Paddlers" because we like to eat, to relax and paddle a little. Some of us have vast nautical experience and can build terrific boats. We make no distinction between sailing, paddling or rowing crafts, traditional or modern ones and like to live outdoors.

We had a base camp on a camping ground near one of the boccas, the mouths into the Mediterranean. The whole lagoon spreads about 45km and has abundant tiny and bigger islands. Some of them are partly flooded during high tides, some of them are just high enough to be inhabited. Each one was used for different purposes, a cemetery island, some monastery islands, the fishing island Burano, the glass manufacturers at Murano, two agricultural islands and Venice itself. All of them are inter stratified by small channels. Most of transport is done by boat. We cruised for a week and always found new interesting spots. We also hassled the gondoliers in the rotten canals of Venice.

On our last day, I had just rounded the Lido island by sail and was on my way back to the camping ground in the evening near the mouth to the Mediterranean. I looked back and a skyscraper appeared in the channel which I had used ten minutes ago. It was a cruising ship with several thousand passengers, hooting for departure and slowly finding its way out into the Mediterranean.

**Postscript:** Well, we have the first snow here in Switzerland. Building the Artemis sailing canoe (which might be distributed as a kit once the prototype is ready and tested extensively) in the unheated garage has been slowing me down. I will now take a break and travel three weeks with Carmen in Sri Lanka.

### My Comments

Should be an easy country if you are prepared to use public transport and travel with pigs and chicken. I'm not sure Axel would be the best ambassador to sell the trea-

## Sailing Canoes in Venice

From Dave Lucas

I'm sharing this conversation I had with Axel Schmid in Switzerland about some of the boating he does to show any interested readers how what seems an exotic paddling trip to us is probably just a normal outing to him. Kind of like me going to Cedar Key or St Michaels. It's only about 250 miles from Switzerland to Venice. And the giant mountains all have tunnels through them, don't they?

Hugh Horton is going to love seeing these pictures of his Bufflehead canoe. Axel considers this to be just about the perfect all round sailing canoe, he's probably right. I've also added a link to his website. I can just hear Helen now after she sees this one, "why don't you ever take me to places like this?" We really appreciate you sending these Axel, I don't think I've ever seen real people in real boats doing this. In fact, I just sort of assumed that you had to have a bikini bimbo in a Riva to even be allowed in the canals of Venice.

This is the link to Axel's website, check it out for some interesting browsing:[http://www.bootsbaugarage.ch/index\\_en.html](http://www.bootsbaugarage.ch/index_en.html)

tures of these places, rotten canals and pigs and chickens. Maybe this will get Helen off my back. "Sorry dear, but we'll have to ride on the roof," yea, that'll do it.

The Bufflehead picture is included here because of our eternal quest for the perfect boat. I also included a picture of Museum John out for the first time in the boat we're calling the "Everglades Challenge Boat" to compare it to Axel's Bufflehead. Notice the striking resemblance. If we take Hugh's design and added 4' to the middle, 6" to the beam and 4" to the sides, we'd get what John considers to be the perfect expedition boat. These are the

diminutions of a very successful racing canoe from over a hundred years ago.

### My Later Follow Up

Axel, the guys who have already seen this want to know about the canals through Venice. Are they clean or big open sewers or what? How safe is it being all mixed in with all the commercial boats? You've opened up a whole new realm of boating that none of us have any concept of.

### Axel Responds

The Venice canals are totally open to the lagoon, which has three big open connections to the Mediterranean. The tide in the Mediterranean is moderate, about 60cm maximum. The Venice island is a sandy mudbank. All palazzos are built on lots of oak logs, rammed into the ground and yes, this is why the whole island is sinking slowly. Once or twice a year some pathways in Venice town are flooded, causing some grief.

This is the reason why the EU is spending some billions at the moment to install giant metal/concrete flaps on the sea ground along the two mouths into the Mediterranean. These should close the mouths during high tide. I am not sure whether that will work. And the lagoon, the islands, the canals need to be ventilated by the tide or Venice will be very soon be a stinking mosquito swamp.

Yes, it is easy to get out of the way of the big cruising ships. There are lots of medium sized coastal freight vessels in the mouths and in some big channels in the west, so we keep out of the fairway. The gondolas in the small Venice channels are carrying paying guests, so they usually take right of way. There are lots of fast water taxis in the canals and we have to be very aware of them. Around Venice island they use canals at high speed and the waves made by them can be quite chaotic. Our paddling canoes, kayaks and outrigger canoes can cruise the flats in between. If we had to cross a canal, we would wait like a flock of sheep before we cross the canal all together.







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Another trip I made several years ago started on Lake Huron and ended near the Statue of Liberty. For this old lockmaster this was definitely a busman's holiday. A friend of mine and former boss named Dale bought a 36' Morgan and wanted to move it to the Chesapeake. He asked me to come along as a crew. With his wife Amy they had sailed a bit on Lake Michigan and moved on into Lake Huron where they spent a couple weeks in the North Channel and then into Georgian Bay. He wanted a bigger crew to go through the waterway and flew me out to Toronto and bussed me up to Parry Sound where I met them.

The Trent Severn is not just a long canal, it is a waterway containing rivers, lakes and some connecting canals. This was an old Indian route that the early voyageurs followed. Later the Canadian government made improvements so people could move larger boats through this area. It is a shortcut from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, bypassing Lake Erie.

We started out by sailing south out of Parry Sound and traveled most of the day through the Thirty Thousand Islands on Georgian Bay. We arrived at Severn that evening. Dale checked for their mail. He came back with a starter motor that he had ordered. We spent half a day installing the new starter while Amy, the head navigator, bought all the maps that we should need for the waterway.

We got the stick down and the next morning we started east. This is all Canadian Shield and everything is rock, granite rock. After winding through a maze of channels we came to a marine railway. Rather than building a lock at this point they built a set of tracks and a wheeled platform that could move boats over a ridge of land and deposit them into the channel above. Several boats made this crossing with us. Our boat was the largest and they hung us in a set of slings that

## Remembering the Canals – Part 2 The Trent Severn Waterway

By Mississippi Bob

kept adjusting things so we stayed level all the way across. We got winched up and over the top then lowered into the pool above. I was told that they built this to prevent invasive species from getting into the waterway.

Many of the locks that we passed through on some stretches of the waterway were muscle powered. They had fill valves that were simply steel plates that covered holes in each of the gates. These plates were cranked up or down with worm drive screws to let water in or out of the locks. The gates were moved with a large hand wheel on a pedestal set about waist high. These had a set of gears that gave the operator the power to swing a multiple ton gate by hand.

Later that day we reached Swift Rapids where we spent an evening visiting with other boaters. In the morning we moved on into some small lakes and then on into Lake Simcoe. This is a large lake that took several hours to cross. From there we traveled through several lakes and rivers, a lot of zig-zagging but we were sort of heading east.

This section above Lake Simcoe has several locks. When we reached the lock at Kirkfield we came to our first hydraulic lift lock. I had never seen anything quite like this. There are two of them on the waterway. The one at Kirkfield lifts boats 14.9m up to the height of land. There is another further east near Peterborough that will lower us 19.8m. It is the highest lock of its type in the world.

These locks consist of two very large watertight boxes that are supported on top of very large hydraulic cylinders that have plumbing connecting them. These boxes are large enough to hold several boats the size of our Morgan. They have doors that drop down out of the way so boats can pass over them and then close up watertight before they move. Both boxes weigh exactly the same whether they have boats in them or not. The operator overfills the upper one and the added weight presses it down which hydraulic pressure simultaneously lifts the other. Very clever.

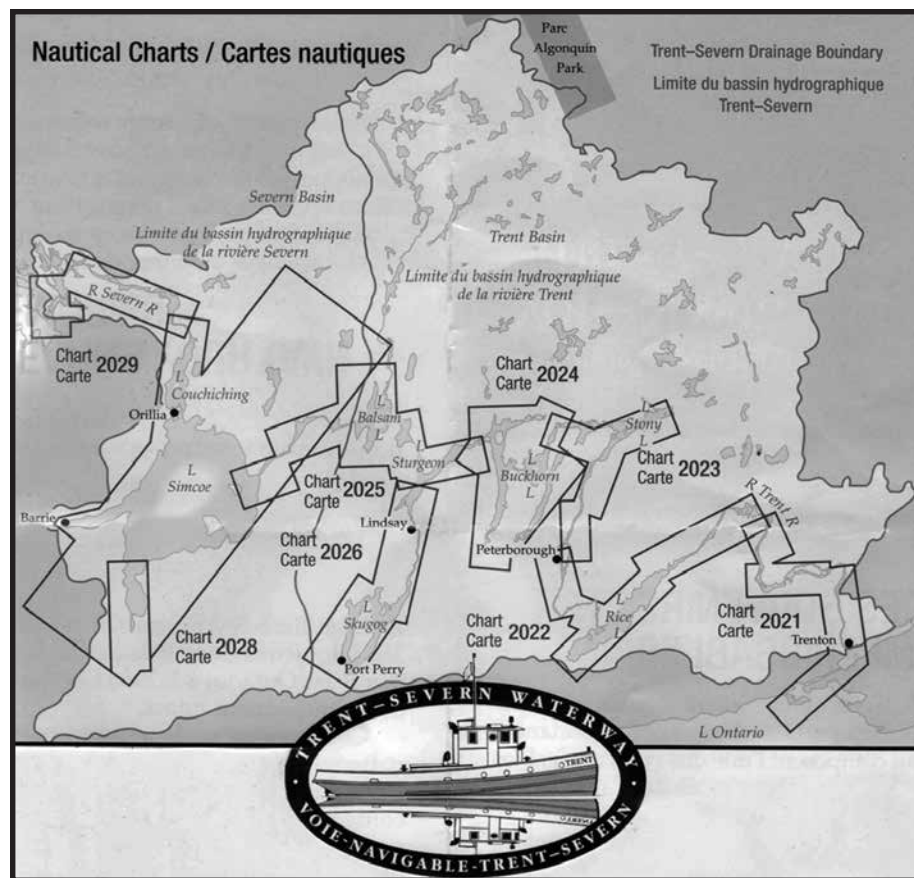
From Kirkfield we entered Balsam Lake. This lake is at the height of land. The rest of this trip to Lake Ontario is all downhill. We dropped down through several locks before we reached the Peterborough Lock where we dropped down about 60' feet in one jump. We left that lock and very soon entered Little Lake in downtown Peterborough. This was Saturday and it was a very good time and place to stop. The town has one terrific canoe museum just a few city blocks from our dock. We couldn't pass that up as Dale and I had worked together in his boat shop on canoes and kayaks, so this place was a must see for us. Back at the landing we ate ashore, then waited for dark because the town had a lighted boat show every Saturday in the summer. Nice show.

In the morning we started down the Otonabee River through several more locks, then into a very long lake, Lake Rice. This took us northeast to the town of Hastings where we went through a set of flight locks and stopped for the night at a very nice park just above the next lock. We ate ashore again at a picnic table very close to our boat. In the morning, when we went to leave, we found that the water level had dropped about 1' overnight and our 5' keel was stuck in a hole. We sounded all around the boat and couldn't find the 5' of water we needed to get away from our mooring spot.

Dale went over to the lock house and talked to the operator and came back with the news that we could get underway in ten minutes. The lockman went up to the lock above and dumped a lock full of water into the pool that we were in. The water came up and we out of there.

The rest of the trip to Trenton was much the same, rivers and locks till we reached a bay on Lake Ontario where we stopped long enough so Amy could run up to the Trenton Marina office and get a chart for the lake. From there we headed east into a very long thin bay with some more zigzags till we were looking at the main body of Lake Ontario. We arrived at the place where we planned to make our crossing back to the US.

(To Be Continued)



### Trent Severn Waterway Hydraulic Lift Locks

From Wikipedia

#### Description and Operation

The hydraulic lift locks have two identical ship caissons (like bathtubs) in which vessels ascend and descend. Both caissons are enclosed at each end by pivoting gates and there are pivoting gates at the upper and lower reaches of the canal at the junctions with the caissons. The gates on the caissons fit into slots on the gates on the reaches so that they open in unison.



Each caisson sits on a ram, the shafts for which are sunk into the ground, are filled with water and are connected with a pipe that has a crossover control valve. The caissons are guided up and down on either side by rails affixed to concrete towers. The caissons with water (1040m<sup>3</sup> or 228,093 imperial gallons) weigh 1,700 tons (1,542 tonnes) and are 140' (42.7m) long, 33' (10m) wide and 7' (2.1m) deep.

No external power is needed, the lift lock functions by gravity alone using the counterweight principle. One caisson always ascends and the other always descends during each locking cycle. When one caisson reaches the top position it stops 30cm (12") below the water level of the upper reach and the control valve is closed, Siemens ultrasonic sensors are used to help determine the 30cm differential. The upper reach and top caisson gates open and water flows into the top caisson until the level equalizes. The weight of the extra 30cm of water is 144 tons (130.6 tonnes), making the total weight of the upper caisson 1,844 tons (1,672.6 tonnes).

Any vessels that just ascended in the top caisson exit into the upper reach, and any new vessels making a transit of the lock then enter the bottom or top caisson from the lower or upper reach respectively. Once the vessels are secured, all gates are closed and the crossover valve in the connecting pipe between the ram shafts is opened. Since the upper caisson weighs more than the lower caisson (1,844 vs 1,700 tons), it pushes down on its ram, forcing out water from its shaft via the connecting pipe into the shaft of the

bottom caisson. The force pushes up on the bottom caisson's ram, raising the caisson up to the top position. When the gate of the newly descended top caisson and lower reach gates open at the bottom, the extra 30cm of water flows out and equalizes with the water level in the lower reach of the canal, and any descended vessels exit, allowing the cycle to start over again.<sup>[4]</sup>

### History

The Peterborough Lift Lock was designed by Richard Birdsall Rogers, a superintendent of the Trent Canal (part of the Trent-Severn Waterway). In 1896 he traveled to France, Belgium and England to see existing examples in operation.

Part of the reason that this lift lock was built was political. At the time a federal election was taking place and in order to shore up local support the project was fast tracked. In 1896 construction was approved and contractors signed on prior to any real working drawings being ready. The government still fell and Richard Rogers, who was concerned about his links to the former administration, only released portions of the working drawings bit by bit. It worked, allowing him to remain on the job as the main designer.

The final project included many engineering firsts. It was the first lock to be built out of concrete, and at the time was the largest structure ever built in the world with unreinforced concrete. Construction was by Corry and Laverdure of Peterborough, which excavated the site and built the concrete towers and lock, and Dominion Bridge Company

of Montreal, which completed the metal work including rams, presses and large caissons, and was finished in 1904. The lift lock officially opened to the public to a crowd of thousands on 9 July 1904 and remains in full use today.



The Peterborough Lift Lock.

The Kirkfield Lift Lock.



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In August 1976, Katharina's younger sister Hanna, who lived in Krefeld, Germany, was having difficulties raising her youngest son Rainer, known to everyone as "Ramses." During telephone calls with her sister Hanna, Katharina suggested that Hanna send Ramses to Glastonbury to live with us for a year, where he could attend an American junior high school. It would be a different sort of life than what he had in Krefeld. That suggestion was gratefully accepted by Hanna and soon thereafter Ramses arrived in New York.

Ramses instantly took to living in the US. Within hours of arriving, he was in seventh heaven. He met a number of neighbor boys of his age on our street and on the neighboring streets who introduced him to the latest American teenage fad, skate boarding. We enrolled him at the Glastonbury Junior High School for the fall semester.

When Ramses was in our garage for the first time he discovered *ArschMo*, our fold up Benelli City Bike land dinghy for *Fun Too*, standing forlornly in a back corner. He examined it. He sat on it. The first question was, "Onkel Connie, does it work?"

I told him, "Yes, it worked."

He wanted to try it out. I explained that we first had to get some fresh gasoline, add the proper amount of oil so that we had the correct mixture of oil to gasoline for a two cycle engine and then we could see if it would start. We drove to the local gasoline station and filled a one gallon plastic fuel container. When we got home I added the proper amount of oil to the gasoline to make the correct oil/gas mixture and poured it into *ArschMo's* fuel tank. I opened the petcock from the fuel tank to the carburetor and gave the starter a few kicks. *ArschMo* came to life. I rode up and down our driveway a few times and all was well with *ArschMo*.

Of course, Ramses wanted to ride *ArschMo*, too. I explained how the twist grip throttle worked, how the front and the rear brakes worked, where to find the button for the horn and how to turn on the headlight and tail light. Then it was Ramses' turn to try it out. He drove up and down our driveway, then went out on the street and drove up the hill on Carriage Drive and came back again. With each new trip his horizon widened. Within days he was cruising all around our local neighborhood and, as you may well imagine, a 13 year old with his own "wheels," riding a real baby motorcycle, was the envy of all his friends.

Of course, Friday evenings we would head from Glastonbury to Noank, Connecticut, load *Fun Too* and head for West Harbor on Fishers Island where we would pick up the Goose Island Cruising Club mooring pennant. If other club members arrived the moored boat raft would start to grow. Boats, and life on a boat, became a whole new learning experience for Ramses. Suddenly there were things that had to be done "NOW" without any discussion of "why" or "can't it wait till I finish doing..."

Another thing he had to learn was that the captain's word was Law and if the captain said everyone jump overboard, you jumped overboard. This, for Ramses, was a totally new concept. It took a while for him to begin understand that things onboard a boat are very different than being in a large home on dry land. Totally different sets of rules applied. This training is rough initially, but then a smart youngster like Ramses, after learning a little bit, rapidly begins to think he knows it all.

## Random Scenes from a Life of Sailing

By Conbert Benneck

### A Nephew from Germany Arrives and Learns Sailing the Hard Way

One Saturday morning on our mooring in West Harbor he watched a woman sailing her Dyer dinghy. She was heading back to her boat upwind, tacking back and forth across the harbor to get there. Ramses watched her progress for a while and finally commented, "Boy, she sure can't sail at all, can she? Look at how she goes back and forth, instead of just going back to their big boat in a straight line." We tried to explain that sailboats can't sail directly into the wind and that what she was doing was called tacking and that it was the only way a sailboat could go upwind.

Our new Dyer sailing dinghy was hanging astern of *Fun Too* on its painter. Katharina and I grinned at each other and asked Ramses if he wanted to go sailing and then he could show the woman in the identical Dyer sailing dinghy how to really sail a boat. That suggestion was more than enough for Ramses. With the elan of a 13 year old, he'd show her how it should be done.

We pulled our new *Gamey* alongside *Fun Too*, stepped the mast, rigged the boom, the mainsail and the mainsheet, had Ramses put on a PFD and said, "Now go and show us how to sail to windward properly."

With Ramses settled in the dinghy and ready to go, he asked us to cast off. Away he went. The boom was at right angles to the centerline of the boat and he headed straight downwind. As he reached the end of the harbor he decided that he had to come about and sail back to *Fun Too*. Now he had to sail in the direction from which the wind was blowing. Ramses first tried putting the bow of the dinghy in the direction he wanted to go but that didn't help at all. The sail just fluttered on the mast. All his wishing to go upwind directly didn't help, the dinghy just kept going backwards.

Finally Ramses headed off a bit, the sail filled, the dinghy started moving but it wasn't the direction he wanted. Gradually he discovered that he would have to sail a zig zag course to get back to our boat. That learning experience took over an hour but in the end he sailed triumphantly back to *Fun Too*. He grudgingly had to admit then that "maybe, the woman in the other Dyer dinghy really did know what she was doing."

His next learning experience came when he wanted to put our 2hp Evinrude outboard motor on the Dyer dinghy and motor around the anchored yachts in West Harbor. I pulled the dinghy alongside *Fun Too*. We put the outboard motor on the dinghy transom. The motor was tilted back so that the propeller was out of the water. This meant that the outboard fuel tank was at a 45° angle. Ramses climbed into the dinghy. I asked him if he wanted to take the reserve gasoline container along, just in case?

Ramses unscrewed the gas cap on the tilted outboard fuel tank, glanced inside, put the cap back on and said that the tank was full, fuel was up to the edge of the opening inside the tank so he didn't see any need to

take the reserve gasoline container along. He tilted the outboard to the operating position, lowering the propeller into the water, set the throttle to the start position and pulled the starter cord. With the second pull the motor ran. Ramses was off.

He was running the dinghy all around the harbor. After about half an hour there was silence from Ramses' direction. The engine had stopped running. Later we saw Ramses slowly rowing the dinghy back to *Fun Too*. When he came alongside he said that he needed more fuel and then wanted to head off again. He tilted the outboard back to the propeller out of the water position, unscrewed the gas cap on the fuel tank and filled the fuel tank till the fuel was at the edge of the filler opening again (still only about one third full because of the angle of the motor). He put the gas cap back in place, lowered the propeller into the water, and got ready to start the engine.

I asked, "Don't you want to take the reserve gas tank for the outboard along in case you run out of fuel again?"

"Nope, that's not necessary. The tank is really full. I saw it myself." I asked him again if he was really sure that he didn't want to take the reserve fuel container along, just in case?

Again the answer from Ramses was, "No." He set the throttle position, pulled the starter cord, the engine ran and away he went, cruising around among the anchored sailboats at West Harbor on Fishers Island, until he ran out of fuel for the second time. Again he had to row back to *Fun Too* against the wind and the tide.

The next time he ventured out in the dinghy using the outboard, he made certain that he had a full reserve gasoline container in the dinghy before he cast off. He had learned his lesson. Sailboats and dinghies make excellent teachers.

One final Ramses "learning experience" needs retelling. On a Friday afternoon we had sailed to Coecles Harbor, on the North Fork of Long Island, and had anchored there for the night. In the morning, when we looked outside, we were encased in fog. Visibility in the thick fog was not much more than about four boat lengths. We'd been there, done that before, back when we had to get home on a Sunday afternoon so that I could be at work on Monday morning.

Let's just settle back, eat breakfast and wait till the sun burns the fog off. We were in no hurry to get to Greenport, New York. NOAA weather radio was predicting that the fog would lift by early afternoon. We had books we could read and minor things on the boat to modify or improve. The cassette player would deliver lots of nice music while we read, worked and waited and our onboard Cordon Bleu trained chef would see to it that we didn't go hungry.

But I hadn't reckoned with Ramses' impatience to get going, to see something new and so I found myself being needed continuously by Ramses.

"What's the matter Onkel Connie? Are you afraid to go sailing in the fog?" These taunts continued for a while as I tried explaining to him that there are times when it is better to just sit and wait than to go out in the murky gray where we couldn't see where we were going or see what other boat traffic might be in our area.

Finally, recognizing that the only way to demonstrate this to Ramses, and to give him some experience of what sailing in a thick fog was like, I told him, "OK, Ramses, if



you want to experience navigating in a fog we'll head for our destination, Greenport, New York." I laid out my courses from the entrance buoy at Coecles Harbor to the bell buoy off the entrance to Greenport and then plotted the courses from the entrance bell into Greenport Harbor. With the preparatory work done, I started our engine and warmed it up, raised our anchor, washed the mud off and stowed it.

Slowly we motored out of Coecles Harbor. As we passed the harbor mouth the shoreline on each side of the entrance was very faintly visible, but as we continued further out to the Coecles Harbor entrance buoy, the fog closed in around us and, aside from the water alongside the hull and the short distance we could see around us, the world was suddenly totally gray and impenetrable. We really couldn't see a thing. Beside the muted sound of our running engine, no sound could be heard, no ship's fog horns, nothing but the slight gurgle of water flowing past our hull.

When we reached the Coecles Harbor entrance buoy, I turned to our new compass course heading for the Greenport Harbor entrance bell. I carefully noted our departure time from the Coecles buoy and had calculated how long it should take us at our normal cruising speed of 5 knots, (motoring at 5 knots made navigational calculations easier, we covered one nautical mile in exactly 12 minutes). We would reach the Greenport Harbor entrance bell, four nautical miles ahead of us, in 48 minutes.

For the first half hour we followed our compass course through the thick fog. As our estimated time of arrival ran out and we began to get closer to where the Greenport Harbor bell buoy should be located, Katharina went to the bow as lookout and started listening for the bell. She was my bow mounted aural search instrument. Ramses, finding himself encased in this strange gray alien world without any reference to "normal visual reality," began to get very nervous. He recognized that we were out on the water but now he couldn't see a thing and he recognized that he had been the one who was responsible for goading me to get going. He had wanted to go sailing, but he didn't want to be encased in this thick fog. As his nervousness at this silent fog world increased, his non stop chatter with us increased as well.

I asked him to please be quiet so that Katharina could listen for the first faint sounds of the Greenport bell. I explained to him it was imperative we find that bell in

order to find the entrance to Greenport Harbor. Ramses' nervous chatter continued.

Finally I ordered him to "shut up and be quiet." We needed silence to hear the bell and his chatter was interfering with our aural navigation. Ramses' chatter continued. Finally I ordered him into the cabin, put in the hatch boards, pulled the companionway hatch closed and told him to stay there and to be quiet. With no more chatter on deck we could concentrate on our navigation.

As we got closer to where the bell should be located, I'd shut off the engine so that Katharina could listen. Finally she turned to me from her station at the bow pulpit and said, she had now heard the bell. "It was there," and she pointed slightly off our compass course direction. A few minutes later the Greenport Harbor entrance bell materialized out of the fog just off our bow.

As we passed it and then changed course into the harbor, I opened the companionway hatch, took out the hatch boards and told Ramses he could come back on deck again. I pointed to the Greenport bell buoy disappearing aft in the fog and said, "That is what we were looking for and what we had to find and we've found it."

The world was still white and opaque but suddenly four large powerboats materialized out of the fog behind us and followed us towards Greenport Harbor. Powerboat skippers tend to use sailboats as their "Seeing Eye Guide Dogs" under these conditions. *Fun Too* has a draft of 5.5'. A powerboat might have a draft half of that. If I make a navigational mistake and run aground, the powerboats, seeing this, can stop. Then they wait

patiently till their sailboat "Guide Dog" is afloat again and continues to lead them in the proper direction.

Ramses got a kick out of watching the powerboats follow us into Greenport Harbor. He thought that we were like the mother duck leading the little ducklings' home. At times it almost seemed that way.

In the year that Ramses lived with us he had learned, and experienced a lot. He had become a competent small dinghy (and big boat) sailor. He learned to "feel" the direction from which the wind was blowing on the back of his neck as he sailed. He learned how to run an outboard and he never again went out without his reserve gasoline container in the dinghy.

He learned the rudiments of navigation, learned how to read a nautical chart, learned how to use our ship's radio for communicating with others from the Goose Island Cruising Club or to listen on Channel 16 for any emergency calls that might be sent from a boat needing help and he learned to listen to, and semi interpret NOAA weather broadcasts. Did NOAA Weather mean that he could go skate boarding tomorrow or did he need a raincoat going to school?

After a year at the Glastonbury Junior High School, and at the end of a second summer living with us, Ramses returned to Germany. He completed his high school in Germany and then later earned an MBA Degree from the University of Muenster before heading back to the United States and his business career. He has lived for years in the San Francisco Bay area and has become thoroughly Americanized.



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October 1987

#### THE BIG DECISION

It all started innocently enough. Halfway through a cheap bottle of burgundy we had the problems of the world solved when one of us had a bright idea.

"Hey, let's take the boat south next month!"

"Scuze me?"

How the rest of the conversation went, I have no idea. I do know that we polished off another bottle of wine, chablis this time, I think. I also remember going to bed with visions of Hell Gate and the New Jersey coast dancing in my head. The next day at work, I thought about our little talk. God, I wanted to go. I mean, come on, we'd been living aboard for eight years, day sailing on weekends. A trip down the coast would be a dream come true, but we had all those bills, and not much money. On by one I pried the vision's talons from my heart, then I called Roe.

"It's no go, right?"

"Well, I don't know, I mean, it's possible, but..."

"But we can't afford it."

"Yeah, I guess. It was fun thinking about it, though. Maybe we can go in the spring like we planned."

"Are you sure we can't go now?"

I felt one of those talons mercilessly sink into the second knuckle. "I don't know...maybe...I'll think about it and we can talk about it some more tonight."

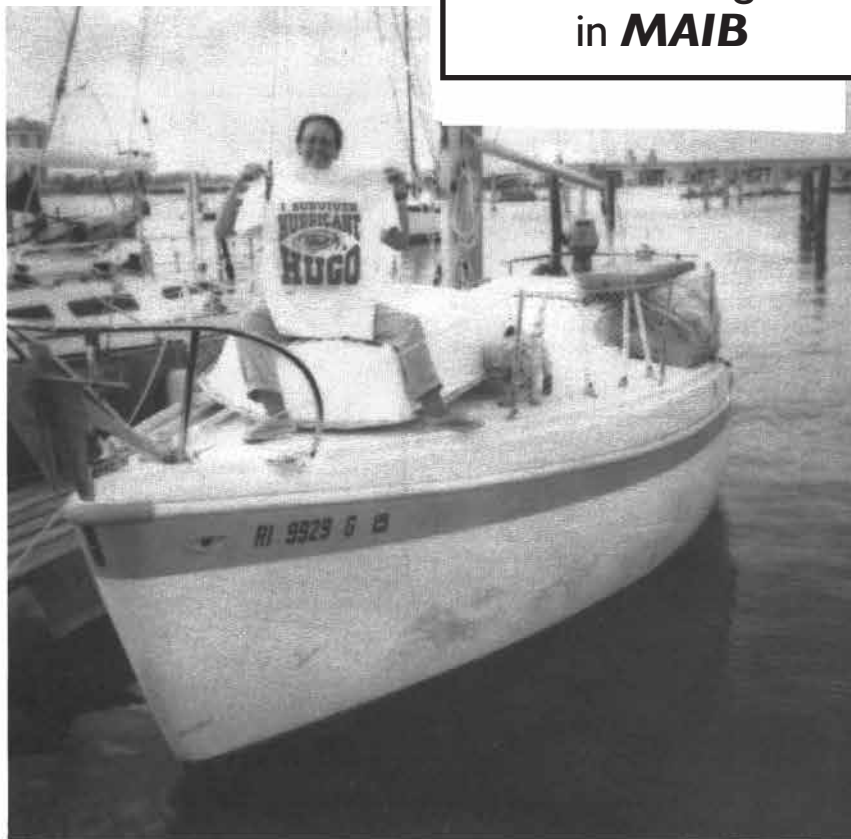
For the next hour I juggled finances. I came to the conclusion that, if we sold our car, and we both could work six more weeks, we might, just might, be able to take our 28' Columbia sloop "Frabjous Day" down the ICW as far as Myrtle Beach (okay, so you can't get to Myrtle Beach from the ICW, we'd find out about that later). Anyway, I figured we'd only be a month behind on the bills, so we'd drop the hook and get jobs there. At the very least, we'd make it to Norfolk, Virginia. A smile spread across my face as a second, then a third, talon, pierced my heart. We were going!

"Hi, it's me. I just gave my notice, six weeks. We can do it. At least I think we can."

"You what? We can do it?"

"Well, yeah, I think so. It's too late now. Like I said, I gave my notice."

So it began. So it almost ended. My boss was out of town, so I'd given my notice to his boss. When my boss came back, he said that if I wanted to go, then I could go, like now! Ouch! I thanked him profusely for giving me the opportunity to start my trip early, then left his office wondering just how



## Rendezvous with "Hugo"

the heck we were going to finance this little fiasco. Oh, well, I did have some vacation pay coming and it would be okay once we sold the car. You can see this coming, right?

It was a busy month. Even when you live aboard a well maintained boat, there are things that need doing in preparation for a trip like this. "Frabjous Day" had been hauled recently for her yearly hull maintenance. While she was out, I'd replaced the keel bolts, the last "big job" on my list. Structurally she was in terrific shape. The cosmetics could wait.

I started making lists: What was on the boat; what we needed; what we wanted; what was in storage; where it was going to go; and on and on. I realized early on that lack of money was going to be a very serious problem, but I stood up, squared my shoulders and looked the problem right in the eye...a serious mistake! So I then did the only logical thing, I ignored it. I decided to take another peek on October 3rd, then decide whether it was go or no go.

We dumped our winter clothes. We were going south, right? Spare parts came aboard by the carload. You'd have thought we were leaving planet earth. We had new hal-yards, new sheets, a man overboard pole, a life ring we'd picked off

the beach after "Hurricane Gloria" (hmmm... hope we'd have better luck than it's last owner). A safety harness, spare gas cans, spare water cans, cruising guides, tools, food and water all found their ways aboard. Accumulated junk left by the boxfull. Right up until the week before we left, we didn't have a motor. Then a friend decided to get a new one. Would we be interested in buying his old one? We had our engine!

By D-day we were a lean, mean, cruising machine, except for the junk sitting on the cabin sole, but never mind, it all got stowed eventually. Mom got custody of the checkbook with enough money for two month's bills, more or less. The car still hadn't sold, but it was sure to, any day now.

#### THE BIG DAY

We left Apponaug, Rhode Island, at 1550 on October 5, 1987. We made it as far as Dutch Harbor. It was just sunset and I remember how beautiful it was as I rowed the dog ashore, watching the moon over the Newport Bridge. Our first day's run was 13.5 nautical miles. Well, it was a start, anyway.

The next ten days found us bashing our way down Long Island Sound. The wind was mostly south-west. It was, for those not familiar with the geography, right on the



nose. It blew 15 to 25 knots with lots of stronger gusts. So it was motorsail and bash into it. Because of our extreme discomfort, it was a very expensive first leg. We tied up at marinas most nights and salvaged our bruised bodies with restaurant food.

All during this period, the Yamaha was running poorly, to the point where it would only run for about a half-hour at a time. Don't get me wrong, the Yamy was a great engine, but when it breaks, just try to find a dealer!. Eventually we found one in Stamford, Connecticut. We also found out how proximity to New York City could give one's pocketbook heart failure. Try 40 bucks a night, filthy heads, no restaurant, lousy section of town. This was where the boat show is and mega racers were everywhere. Go figure.

Anyway, on the plus side, we met a fellow named Jack aboard "Shaula". He drove me and the Yamy to the shop on his way to work. Since the mechanic was on duty and it was still early, he gave me a ride back to the marina. We never saw him again, but left a bottle of our own Rhode Island Sakonnet wine in "Shaula's" cockpit. Later that day we hopped a train to Port Chester, called a cab, and loaded our hopefully (it was) healthy motor in the back.

#### THE BIG APPLE

We left Stamford at 0810 on October 15th. The wind and seas were calm. It was about 40 degrees and hazy. We (I) had agonized over the thought of going through Hell Gate. We pored over the chart, almanac, and tide and current tables. Motoring along that morning, I realized that we were going to be a couple of hours early, so we took a side trip around City Island. With apprehension, I then turned our bow toward the Throgs Neck Bridge. We were soon in the river proper, under the Bronx/Whitestone Bridge, past Riker's Island, around the corner, and then, and then...nothing. To quote our log, "Hell Gate, schmell gate!" We'd hit it at dead slack. Down the East River we went. People jogged within feet of us. We waved, some waved back. We'd made it to the Big Apple, yeehah!

The sun was setting now and my elation faded with the light. We weren't going to make it to Sandy Hook and if I were apprehensive about Hell Gate, I was downright paranoid about navigating my tiny boat through one of the world's busiest harbors in the dark. I checked the chart. We might, just might, be able to anchor behind the Statue of Liberty. The sun suddenly plunged below the horizon. That did it! We split the difference between Liberty and Ellis Islands and dropped the hook a hundred yards from shore in about ten feet of

water. After the obligatory dog walk (row?), we settled in the cockpit with steaming mugs of tea and oohed and aahd ourselves to sleep.

Logbooks tend to be succinct, but here goes: "Noisy and lots of swells, but the city and the Lady looked spectacular! Off our stern, the Verrazano Bridge looks like strings of blue opals, fiery! Abeam, Liberty's back, torch glowing, and lots of shipping, ferries, etc. Off our port bow, the Battery, World Trade Center, et al, all lit up. To starboard, Brooklyn. It was like something out of a movie and will remain one of the high points of our trip.

#### THE BIG OCEAN

Like I-95 at rush hour, the traffic converging on Sandy Hook seemed about as friendly. It was Saturday morning and that meant "party boat time". Fishing boats of all description from little Boston Whalers to huge "head boats" headed out into the Atlantic. We were being tossed left, right, and sideways, and I was getting grumpier by the minute. Suddenly a horrible grinding noise tore through the boat. I dove below. Roe called out that it was the anchor. I turned to ask her what she'd said, only to find the cockpit empty (just who was steering, anyway?). I climbed back into the cockpit just as the hook caught (good old Danforth) and we spun around into the wind. I called Roe back aft, realizing that she'd never be able to get the anchor up by herself. I made my way forwards, knelt on the bow and began pulling on the nylon rode. We had run the line to the limit, but, luckily, I'd tied the bitter end below (sometimes I do anticipate these things). I heaved on the line, the bow burying itself, and me, in every other wave. Foot by agonizing foot it came aboard. Eventually it was all back aboard, the anchor stowed and lashed (lashed...what a good idea. Some things I didn't anticipate). So ended the "Sandy Hook Incident", easily our worst anchorage.

My next nightmare now reared its ugly head, the Jersey coast. Does anybody know how many tanks and towers there are along the New Jersey coast? No? I didn't think so. We lost count too. Three boring days later found us at Cape May. We celebrated our fourteenth anniversary sipping Tattinger champagne (a bon voyage gift) and eating Campbell's chicken soup. Things were not looking good on the financial front.

#### THE BIG BAD BAY

We had read nothing good about Delaware Bay, but as we sailed out of the Cape May Canal, we thought we might have lucked out. The wind was out of the south at about 10 knots. It was hazy, 65

degrees and there was a one foot chop. We hit the Cohansy River at 1800. It was foggy now but we managed to find the range markers after a bit of looking.

It was raining and foggy when we left the Greenwich Boat Works the next morning. We approached the mouth of the river at about 0805. The bay was wall to wall white caps. It was blowing 20 to 30 knots out of the northwest. I looked at Roe, she shrugged, and we pushed "Frabjous Day's" nose out into the bay. After an hour of some of the scariest sailing I've ever experienced, we turned back. It took another hour to find the Cohansy again, but we managed. Back at the marina, we tidied up the boat, did the laundry, got supper and called it a day. We tried again the next day, but prudence prevailed. The wind had eased a bit but the bay still looked nasty. We anchored in the river's mouth, put the kettle on to boil and settled in with our books. The next morning the gods smiled. We awoke to 15 knot southwest winds and a one foot chop. Awright!

#### THE BIG BEAUTIFUL BAY

Like Dorothy going over the rainbow, our trip through the C&D Canal brought us to paradise. The Chesapeake was all we'd ever dreamed and more! The surrounding hills radiant with the colors of fall; creeks, coves, rivers; a thousand perfect anchorages; all combined to cast their irresistible spell on these all too willing sailors. We spent our first night in the Sassafrass River. Flocks of Canadian geese kept us company and, although they were driving Bunky, our two year old Westy, crazy, we loved it. Another night found us in a creek so narrow that I had trouble turning the boat around. We could almost reach out and touch the brilliantly colored leaves on the tree lined banks.

Annapolis was beautiful, quaint, historic, just wonderful. In spite of what the guide says, the anchorage was good, provided you have a fair sized anchor and some chain. The city docks are perfectly located in the heart of town. They're cheap. They have showers, also cheap. There are a couple of water taxis, so you've got your choice, tie up or anchor out.

A long rainy run down the bay brought us to Dun Cove, off the Choptank River. We shared the cove with two other boats. Two sides of the cove were pasture, the third was wooded, and down at the end were what looked like a couple of summer cottages. Who would have thought such a peaceful, bucolic setting could have the potential for life-threatening terror? Here's how it happened.

I said that it was raining. The wind had freshened and visibility was soon down to a few yards. After supper, Roe piled into



the dink with Bunky to row him the hundred or so feet to shore for his evening walk. It was about fifteen minutes later when a serious gust hit the boat. I popped out of the hatch with the spotlight. I scanned the shore...once, twice...I was making a third pass when I heard Roe scream. I swung the light toward the mouth of the cove. There was the dink being pushed out of the cove by the wind and chop! Roe was pulling frantically at the oars. In seconds the dink was through the surf over the barely submerged sand bar at the mouth of the cove and heading out into the bay!

The Yamy started on the first pull. I reached into the cabin for the sheath knife we keep just inside of the companionway. I yanked a fender from the cockpit locker and raced forward. Tying the fender to the anchor rode, I cut it, then dove for the cockpit. I put the motor in gear, spun the throttle to the max and leaned on the tiller in a desperate effort to keep from being blown ashore. I spun "Frabjous Day" around and headed down the cove. Visions of the twisting channel ran through my head. Clearing the bar and making my way into the Choptank in the rain and dark, and then finding the dink would be a real feat.

For one awful moment I lost sight of Roe, but then, yes, there she was on this side of the sand bar. Somehow she'd managed to clear the surf and was back in the cove, but I didn't know how long she'd be able to row against the wind and the waves. I reached inside the companionway and switched on the running lights and depth sounder. The orange flasher registered eight feet...six...seven...nine. I bore down on the cove at full throttle. Seven feet...six...six...thirty yards to go...five (we draw four and a half)...six...ten yards to go...five feet (shit!). I spun the boat around, figuring I'd drift down onto the dink. If the keel touched I'd be able to goose the Yamy and get off, I hoped.

"Frabjous Day's" stern nudged the dink. Roe and I scrambled for the painter. Somehow I managed to get a hand on it. I took a turn around a cleat and gave the outboard full throttle. For a long breathless moment we just wallowed there in the wind-blown waves, then slowly we began to move. The flasher read five feet ... five feet ... five .... six...seven ... seven (breath!). Roe climbed aboard and I gave her the tiller as I dug out one of the spare anchors. I dropped it near anchor #1 and cleated the rode, then I pulled the fender aboard and made the other rode fast. Back in the cockpit, Roe and I clung to each other for a long, long time, wet and shaking, oblivious to the rain.

## THE BIG DITCH

After six hundred and some odd miles, we finally made it to Norfolk, Virginia, mile zero of the ICW. It was November 1st. We had run out of money a few days back. Mom wired us some. It kept us in instant oatmeal and gas for the next few weeks. And, no, the car still hadn't sold.

A week of motoring through canals and across bays brought us to Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina. The anchorage was perfect. Across the barrier beach was the Atlantic and we slept to the sound of surf almost every night. We stayed for about two weeks, doing nothing, walking the beach. Dolphins swam around "Frabjous Day" in the clear blue water. If we could have found work, we might still be there.

A week and a half of seemingly endless motoring brought us into Charleston, South Carolina. The only incident worth mentioning from those ten days was our first anchorage in South Carolina. It was so cold that we had to scrape frost off the boat ... off the inside! Thanksgiving Day, 1987, found us tied up at the Ashley Marina in one of the prettiest cities in the world. We were dead broke. All of the bills were past due, and, no, the car still hadn't sold.

We both managed to find work, though. So we were working stiff again, paying bills and playing tourist in the Holy City. As for our cruising plans, I don't know. We just opened a bottle of cheap burgundy, we'll see what develops. Anybody want to buy a car?

## October 1989

### STILL IN CHARLESTON

We're still in Charleston, what's left of it. You probably heard about Hugo, right? Well, we've lost "Frabjous Day". I was working a contract up in North Carolina. When I got back to Charleston Friday afternoon after Hugo, the boat, our home, was gone. Fully two-thirds of the marina had just vanished with it. Of the hundred and fifty boats that had been in that missing two-thirds, about a dozen have been located. Otherwise, no flotsam, no jetsam, no debris, nothing, poof, gone! But Roe and I are both okay and both still have jobs so we're luckier than many here.

I guess it's time to find a new boat. I was hoping to find some disillusioned sailor who wanted out of boating and pick up something cheap. I did miss one like that, a really pretty 38 footer. It had been dismantled, but otherwise there was only cosmetic damage. The guy let it go for a song. Or maybe we'll buy a couple of kayaks. Yeah, that's the ticket!. I don't know, we'll wait a while, see what develops.

## November 1989

### STOP THE PRESSES!

Stop the presses! "Frabjous Day" has been found, salvaged, bug bombed, cleaned up and ready to be called "home" again. Now if only we had a marina!

A week or so ago we were out for a drive, just sort of poking around, when we spotted a couple of masts off in the back of a swamp. Well, just like you can recognize your wife from across the mall, even though you can't see her clearly (there's just something about the look of her), I knew one of them was "Frabjous Day". With a little bit of exploring, we managed to get within a quarter-mile or so of her. She looked to be okay, rig standing, still tied to her dock, or rather to a thirty foot chunk of it anyway. Between her and us was the swamp. She had fetched up on an embankment.

They're building a bridge here across the Ashley River and they've got this embankment with a lot of tracks on it for moving in stuff like steel and concrete and cranes. Cranes? Did somebody say cranes? Roe called the construction company the next morning. They said sure they'd move the boat. They'd have a crane down that way in a day or two and would see to it then. When asked how much it was going to cost (a friend paid, read my lips, \$11,000 to get his boat back) the guy asked if we were insured. Roe told him that we weren't. He then asked how much beer the trunk of our car would hold. Roe asked if he was serious. In reply he went on that they liked Bud, in cans please. Roe quickly agreed, smart girl. They took her out to the site later and she prowled around the boat, taking some things off.

When I came home that weekend from my work in North Carolina, we bummed a ride over with a friend. What a mess! Structurally she looked okay, but inside, PHEW! It looked like someone had pumped the contents of their cesspool into our boat and then gave it a good shake! Actually, upon closer investigation, we found that only the main cabin was like that. The head, hanging locker, forward cabin and cockpit lockers were all fairly clean. As for damage there were a couple of scratches and a couple of bent lifeline stanchions that I managed to straighten. I'll rebed them later, but so far they don't leak. Other than these things, she looked good, uh, except that there was a hole where the rudder should have been. It snapped clean off, gone. There was no damage to the surrounding glass or shaft tube. I say that Columbia built one tough boat! We took whatever we could carry with us when we left. Then we waited.



A couple of days later the call came. "Frabjous Day" was afloat. The marina, what's left of it, sent their launch over and towed her back. That weekend we cleaned her out. We gutted her, threw a lot of stuff away, mostly dishes and cooking stuff. "I'm sorry, I am NOT putting that fork in my mouth, no way! You could put it in an autoclave and I still would not go within ten feet of it, uh, uh!" We dumped all the food too. Otherwise, everything else was dirty, but salvageable.

The marina tied us at the end of a piece of dock remaining that required gymnastic abilities to get to. One dock had survived intact and there were a couple of empty slips there. I dropped the Yamy in the well, cranked her up, and we

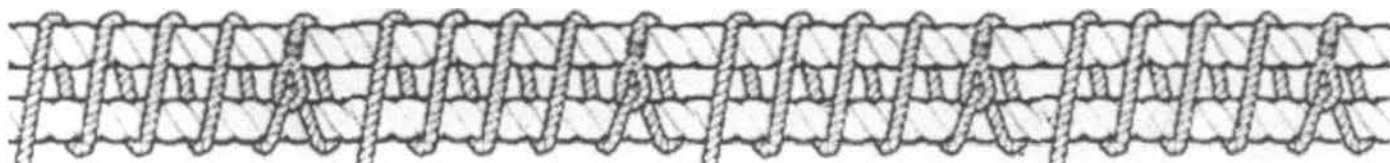
putt-putted our way over, steering with the engine, which is another reason why I like outboard power on my boat.

As we were getting ready to leave for the day, I noticed that the topping lift, which is nicopressed to the backstay, was wrapped around the backstay a half dozen times. With its end securely clipped to the boom, it confused me for a minute until I noticed the mooshed cotter pins in the turnbuckle. In heavy air, if there's no sail up, the rig thrums, pulses. Well, Hugo certainly qualified as heavy air, and between the wind pressure and the pulsing, the turnbuckle just worked its way loose, cotter pins be damned.

The final tally shows we have some scratches, a lost rudder, and

a lost man-overboard pole and life ring. We threw out all the cooking things. Some of our clothing was ruined, but I had most of my stuff with me, clothes and computers, at my job out of state when Hugo struck. We've staked out our spot on the only intact dock. We've got no electricity or water but we'll manage. Manage, hell, we're damn lucky! They've only just begun pulling boats off the bottom of the river here. And it's a huge lift for Roe, she was devastated by the loss of the boat as she was convinced that she'd lost the boat. With me away in North Carolina at work, she'd had to prepare for Hugo alone.

Joe Zammarelli, Charleston, SC, November, 1989.



One of the joys of sailing is that I have to have total concentration on what I am doing. I can't worry about things at home or at work. The job at hand is to safely get my boat and passengers from A to B. I am involved in a battle of wits with Mother Nature and our safe passage depends on my being able to read her subtle mood changes. Is she in a sunny and peaceful mood or is she beginning to show displeasure and anger so I have to react accordingly?

Are cloud formations slowly changing from the good weather cumulus nimbus clouds to a solid overcast? What does this sort of an omen portend? What does this presage? Rain? Stronger winds? Is the barometer dropping? Very slowly, or rapidly? If the barometer is dropping very slowly, then the weather change will come gradually. I probably still have several hours of sailing time to safely reach our destination. If the barometer is dropping rapidly then I can expect a rapidly deteriorating situation or a severe storm in a very short period of time.

Does NOAA Weather have anything to say about the changing situation? Does their forecast match with what I am seeing? I'm the captain. I have to decide what I am going to do and take all the necessary precautions. Should I reef now or wait a bit longer to see what develops? Waiting longer is always the lazy solution, but certainly not the prudent one. It is always far easier to reef the main when the wind hasn't really started blowing. If the strong winds don't materialize, then I can always shake out the reef. There is an old sailor's saying, if you start to think about possibly cranking in a reef, you should have done it ten minutes earlier. These decisions are based on my ever growing experience as a sailor.

Local areas can have their own private weather characteristics. Block Island, Rhode Island, is a prime example. It is a large island warmed by the summer sun during the daytime. However, it is surrounded by far cooler ocean water. When I reach the entrance to New Harbor, sailing from Watch Hill, Rhode

## Unexpected Local Weather Surprises

By Conbert H. Benneck

Island, I have had a most pleasant sail. A nice sailing breeze has eased us along at hull speed. We now reach the entrance buoy to the New Harbor. The harbor entrance is a very narrow cut and I am planning to sail through this narrow cut until the harbor opens before us. All looks normal, so I decide to sail on in.

As we enter the cut, with land now surrounding us, suddenly all hell breaks loose. One moment we are sailing along with a gentle heel in the open ocean and then a wind, called the Block Island Official Greeter, hits us and we suddenly find our lee rail awash and the our boat is accelerating in this mini storm. Did I mention that coming in the other direction might be the Block Island ferry boat heading back to New London, Connecticut, and taking up most of the space in the cut? There certainly are other sail or power boats there as well. Traffic is heavy at this narrow, congested neck.

Your first experience with the Block Island Greeter will give you a huge fright as you fight to hold your course, trying to avoid other traffic and make it safely into the New Harbor. Then, as suddenly as the Block Island Greeter hit you, he's gone and you now are back to a normal heel and can now look for a spot to drop your anchor.

Block Island has all sorts of weather surprises for the uninitiated. As the sun goes down and evening calm settles in over the anchorage, all is peaceful. However, this is very deceptive because sometime during the night Block Island will often shake us awake with a "local" Block Island storm. The knowledgeable local sailors usually set two anchors at New Harbor. Then if the wind starts blowing 30 knots at 2am they don't have to worry about their anchors dragging. NOAA Weather, which is giving us a broad

area weather forecast, never mentions Block Island's weather idiosyncrasies. We learned about them and their characteristics as we became frequent visitors for many years.

The converse also happens. It's a Sunday morning and time to head back to Watch Hill and on to the Mystic River and our marina. The wind is howling in New Harbor as our departure time nears. Every boat in the anchorage is rolling and pitching in the short steep harbor waves. The wind is whistling in the rigging and boat halyards, if they haven't been properly tied off, are slapping masts to provide the rhythmic orchestral accompaniment. Our thoughts are, let's put in a reef, hank on the small working jib and ready the boat for a rough trip home, which we then do.

Finally, with boat preparations for heavy weather sailing made, we hoist sail, drop our mooring and head out through the New Harbor cut in a young gale. Out in open water, half a mile away from the Block Island entrance, all is suddenly calm and peaceful. The wind is blowing at about 10 knots. It is time to take the reef out of the main and to replace the working jib with our big Genoa. Then we had a lovely sail back to Connecticut.

Block Island is about 13 miles long and three miles wide. During the day the hot summer sun warms the surface of the island, causing a column of warm air to rise directly above it. This ascending column of warm air creates the sudden inflow of cool air from the ocean surface via an easy access point, viz. the sudden unexpected gust of air that hits us as we enter the cut to New Harbor. At night, as the land mass cools off, we get the reverse phenomenon. Now cool air comes down from the atmosphere causing the Block Island New Harbor "local" storm conditions at 2am.

These are the sorts of local weather surprises that initially scare the hell out of us but, with experience, we begin to know what we might be facing as we enter island harbors. To be on the safe side, we drop our sails and go into a strange island harbor under power. Another bit of experience to add to our growing collection of sailor's knowledge.

When entering the Suez Canal at Port Said, Hapag-Lloyd vessel *Colombo Express* (8,750 TEU) and the *Maersk Tanjong* collided with no injuries but the loss of three containers. The entire event was caught on camera from an adjacent ship that clearly showed the much larger *Colombo Express* overtaking the *Maersk* ship on his port side. Once passed, the ship immediately turned to port in front of the other ship and the collision was inevitable. Even after slamming together, both ships were advancing and eventually were coupled the full length of both ships. The case remains under investigation.

A catamaran workboat, *Wildcat 9*, with a crew of 15 ran into a floating military target at the Donna Nook Air Weapons Range in the UK, causing considerable damage to the workboat whose skipper was found at fault for failure to maintain watch. No one was seriously injured except for the owner's pocketbook that was cleaned of 10,000 pounds in fines plus the cost of repairs.

That same day *Island Panther* smashed into the wind turbine I-6 in Sheringham Shoal Wind Farm in the UK. Investigation reports indicate that the captain was adjusting his GPS and computerized plotter when the collision occurred.

The *USS Denver* and *USNS Yukon* collided while undergoing at sea replenishment. No serious injuries were reported but considerable damage to both ships was apparent. The *Denver* showed a gaping hole in the hull and damage to the anchor. *Yukon* had open compartments showing but was not taking on water. Both vessels had considerable scraping of paint. Captain Mark Wilson, the skipper of the *USNS Yukon*, had been in a similar incident several months previously when it smacked a civilian ship while resupplying it in the Middle East.

Replenishment at sea is a highly dangerous activity involving maneuvering two ships parallel to each other at close range and exchanging goods and cargo via highline. Both vessels must maintain a modest speed to maintain steerage and if either over corrects steering or fails to maintain distance between them, they will collide. The captains must also counter wind and sea turbulence.

The Hongdo Cruise Co *MV Vacance* cruise ship grounded, hit a submerged rock near Hongdo Island, South Jeolla Province in South Korea, approximately 210 miles southwest of Seoul, Korea, with 104 passengers and five crew members aboard. The South Korea Coast Guard and numerous fishing vessels rescued all the people aboard the partially sunken cruise ship. *MV Vacance* has a capacity of 355 passengers but was sailing with only one third of capacity on this voyage around the island of Hongdo. The ship makes the voyage three times a day. It had left on the first cruise of the day when it sailed too close to the island, grounding on the rocks.

Public health officials met The Carnival owned *Crown Princess* cruise ship with 172



## Beyond the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

In no way can I compete with the late Hugh Ware for his interesting and insightful columns regarding ships of all sizes from around the world. This is merely a small attempt to keep the readers of *Messing About in Boats* informed of the world of big ships. Mr Ware had the energy and curiosity to keep abreast of the nautical and maritime news combined with a zeal and earnestness unusual for writers. He will and can never be replaced but the following is an attempt to keep his torch lit.

passengers and crewmembers suffering from a gastrointestinal ailment caused by norovirus when it docked in California. The outbreak marks the second time in less than a year that the highly contagious virus has spread on the ship, which is part of Carnival's Princess Cruises fleet. On the latest trip the ship carried more than 4,100 people on a cruise that departed nearly a month earlier from Los Angeles and included stops in Hawaii and Tahiti. The virus had sickened more than 100 people aboard the same ship during an April trip.

The Australian Maritime Safety Authority (AMSA) has prosecuted China Earth Shipping Incorporated, the owners of Panama flagged bulk carrier *Xin Tai Hai* and its master after it disposed of garbage near Gladstone in June last year. China Earth Shipping Incorporated was convicted of illegally discharging garbage and fined \$20,000 in the Townsville Magistrate's Court. The ship's master was fined \$6,000 on charges of illegally discharging garbage and failing to record it in the garbage record book. The company and its master entered pleas of guilty. The charges were a result of an AMSA investigation under the Protection of the Sea (Prevention of Pollution from Ships) Act.

Austal USA, a global contractor, designer and manufacturer of defense and commercial ships, was cited by the US Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration for 12 safety and health violations that involved falls and other hazards following a complaint regarding the Mobile shipbuilder's facility. Proposed penalties total \$41,500. Nine serious citations were issued for lack of standard railings on all staircases, improperly secured gas cylinders and failure to reduce the pressure in a compressed air device to less than 30 pounds per square inch when cleaning. OSHA also cited the company for allowing worker over-exposure to copper fumes during welding operations. Other citations included failure to ensure workers followed safety procedures to prevent accidental machine startup and to protect workers from unguarded machinery.

The Royal Malaysian Navy ship *KD Perantau* sustained flooding while undergoing refit. During the work on the ship generators, pumps and other equipment were stripped from the vessel, thus impeding salvage. The cause of the flooding is unknown.

A Japanese flagged cargo vessel, 1997-built *Hokuei 18*, capsized off Okinawa Port in Nakagasuku Bay, Japan, after colliding with a Chinese ship, the Panama flagged cargo ship *Yong Sheng VII*. The freighter's bottom starboard side submerged while the portside was protruding from water. No injuries were reported from the incident, however, five crewmembers from the *Hokuei 18* were rescued following the sinking. Oil was apparently leaking from the sunken ship while the *Yong Sheng VII* suffered minor damage.

Chinese cargo vessel *Hai Run 607*, with a total of six crewmembers on board, reportedly collided with the container ship, *Hansa Siegburg* southeast of Qingyu Island. *Hai Run 607*, carrying sand, took on water and began to sink. A passing vessel rescued five of the sinking ship's crew and an additional sailor was taken aboard a rescue ship. None were seriously injured.

The US Navy is enmeshed in an inter-nal war among its various branches for the limited dollars allocated by Congress. Especially in the age of sequestration, money is very tight but expectations are very large. Fiscal conservatives accurately posit that 43% of the world's military spending is done by the United States, more than the next 18 biggest spending countries combined. Military experts counter that the defense needs far outweigh our current spending.

**Aviation:** Naval aviators have long controlled the thinking of the service. Their perspective is that the floating airfields are absolutely essential for maintaining open sea lanes of communication. Carriers, by their very complexity and nature, are resource heavy, comprising over 5,000 men to sail the ship, maintain aircraft and fly the planes. As experienced in World War II, carriers are fairly impotent by themselves, thus requiring an array of supporting and defensive ships in order to operate. A typical carrier force may include a pair of cruisers, a submarine and a couple of destroyers for protection as well as a tanker and a supply ship. Such a carrier group needs over 10,000 men, food and supplies, weapons and guns and fuel.

**Surface Warfare:** The surface warfare people posit that carrier warfare is outmoded, outdated and obsolete. With the advance of modern rocket technology, small inexpensive ships can fire smart missiles from considerable distances. Besides being significantly less costly, these vessels require very little in terms of support. These proponents have publically decried carrier philosophies, lobbied Congress for more destroyers and cruisers and have suggested small frigates based on a current Dutch model.

**Submarines:** Submariners occupy a realm of their own. These men and women of the Silent Service are a unique breed, spending much of their mission time in the dark and quiet zones far beneath the surface. Ballistic missile submarines, attack submarines and guided missile submarines can provide a major portion of the Navy's needs. This group demands more and better submarines as opposed to carriers.

**Littoral Ships:** The current darling of the Defense Department, the supporters of more and more varied littoral ships maintain that coastlines and shallow water craft are essential in our modern era. Littoral combat ships, amphibious assault ships, amphibious dock ships and dock landing ships are the wave of the future. Obviously this group is highly supported by the United States Marine Corps.





The Robertson project is coming along nicely. On September 27 we met to do the canvassing and filling, one of the biggest tasks to date. Tom Heys, Steven Hodge, John Fitzgerald, Roger Andrews and new member Ken Turner arrived early to do a final once-over to make sure all the tacks were perfectly clenched and ready for the canvas.



Stretched and stapled with the cinder blocks still in place, Steven Hodge and Toni Heys check for wrinkles, there were none.

The canvas was stretched between the back wall and the Chevy in the usual manner, the hull was dropped into the canvas and the 200 pounds of cinder blocks were carefully placed inside. We have done this many times and so far neither the building nor the Chevy has moved. With a team on each side the canvassing went quickly, the ends were buttoned up and we were ready to apply the fitter before 11am.



Steve mixes the filler while Tom and Steven inspect the canvassing job.

Coffee and donuts helped fuel the workers while the filter was being applied.



## The Robertson Project A Progress Report

By Steve Lapey  
Photos by John Fitzgerald,  
Steve Lapey, Jeff Morrill,  
Reprinted from

The Norumbega Chapter WCHA Newsletter

Shortly after noon we had the canoe hanging from the rafters where it would rest for at least five weeks while the filter cured.



Hanging from the rafters the canoe is warm and safe from damage while the filler is curing.

Fast forward to November 15 and we find ourselves back in the canoe shop for another session. This time the chores included sanding the cured filler, applying a coat of Interlux Pre-Kote primer and milling out the mahogany rail caps and the outwales. Volunteers on November 15 included Roger Andrews, Ted Harrigan, Jeff Morrill, Ken Turner along with Mike and Joe Parr.



Ken Turner, Mike Parr, Joe Parr, Ted Harrigan, Steve Lapey and Roger Andrews are getting ready to sand the surface of the Robertson before priming it.

Roger and Steve finishing up the primer job at the end of the session. This Pre-Kote primer leaves a sandable surface which will be wet sanded to produce a smooth surface for some C-Green Kirby's enamel.




Steve, Mike, Joe and Ted discussing bending details for the outwales. The form has been made and the outwales will be steamed and bent at a future session.

Next time we gather to work on the Robertson we will attempt to bend the outwales. On this closed gunwale canoe the outwales are just 1/4" inch thick strips of mahogany, about 1" wide that has to be bent on edge. Always difficult, but we have made a fixture that should allow us to make the bend.

Mike Parr brought along his collection of old canoeing post cards, he has been saving these for many years. The collection will be on display at our February Annual meeting.



Roger, Mike Steve and Ted reviewing Mike's collection of old canoeing postcards while taking a break from the Robertson.



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It has been said, “be careful of what you wish for, you may get it.” For years I had wished for a Beetle Cat. It is the biggest little sailboat around with a 12’ length and a beam of 6’. Or “two fathoms long and a fathom wide,” as it is sometimes described. And a good looking little boat as well.

I was looking through the offerings on eBay and I noticed a Beetle Cat hull up for auction. These little boats can be quite pricey, depending on the age, condition and materials and such. I bid very, very low (about the cost of gas to get it) and had no expectations of winning the auction. Surprise, I won! That was seemingly the good news. The bad news was that I had to go to get it in southeastern Massachusetts.

I had the day off following the auction and departed western New York late in the evening. I did this to arrive near my boat pickup location before the morning rush hour. Traffic can be very troublesome in that part of Massachusetts. I got a couple of hours of sleep and awoke to a bright sunny day. With still a few hours to kill waiting for the seller to arrive home on his lunch hour to help load the boat, I went looking around the waterfront area I found.

I found myself in Wareham, Massachusetts, along the river of the same name. I noticed Cape Cod Shipbuilding on one side and headed that way to see if I could get a look at the shop. As I started across the bridge I noticed a large ship. It had the name *Nantucket* on the hull. What is that doing there, I said to myself? I also said to myself, turn around and go have a closer look. So I did.

I walked up to the dock to have a look at this historic and iconic vessel. As I was walking along the dock a man approached me and asked, “Do ya wanna buy the *Nantucket* lightship?” My first thought was, this sounds like that old gambit about visitors to in New York City, “Ya wanna buy the Brooklyn Bridge? She’s for sale, cheap!”

I responded with, “sure, how much, and when can you deliver it to Buffalo, New York?” It turned out to be several hundred thousand dollars more than I had with me, so I declined the offer. She’s still available as of this writing.

The *Nantucket* lightship has some interesting history, both as a lightship (there were several) and as a converted tourist attraction, B&B, and yacht/home. Google the name and you will get pages of facts, statistics and history of this interesting vessel.



Back to the Beetle Cat. I met with the seller and we loaded up the boat onto the trailer, secured it and I did a quick turnaround to get back to western New York in time to go to work. Not on the boat just then, but real work that pays regularly.

I have since begun work on the boat. This is the “be careful what you ask for”

## eBay Beetle Cat Or Ya Wanna Buy the Nantucket Lightship?

By Greg Grundtisch

part. On initial inspection the boat looked like it needed a lot of work to restore, as I expected. But not too overwhelmingly so, or so I thought. It turns out that I got a much larger project than originally thought, but still a doable one that I hope to complete over this winter and early spring.



After removing the floorboards, frames and floors that someone had fiberglassed to the hull, I found that 90% of the frames (ribs) were rotted under the fiberglass covering. The floors were good but the iron fasteners were rotted to mush and the floors pulled out by hand, even with the fiberglass coverings. The outside of the hull had a fiberglass covering, too, but the planks were all good. The nice part of all that is that the covering was holding the hull’s shape which will save me time reinstalling the ribs and floors.



At least there’s some good news. The deck, beams and centerboard trunk were all in fairly good shape. It came with the sail (a major savings), the centerboard and most of the deck hardware. The mast step was something else. I’m not sure what was installed there but it was far from the original mast step and I have since removed it.



There were a few other odd quirks about the hull, too. It looked like it had been altered over the years and some “creativity” had been added to the upgrades and repairs. The hull planking and such appeared to be original from the late ‘40s or early ‘50s. The hull number that is always on the sternpost (if there is no name plate) was not clear enough to read entirely.

The good news is that Beetles are still being produced and all parts are still available for sale if I did not want to make my own. All Beetles are exactly the same and parts can be interchanged with any boat of any vintage. The shop is also available for restoration advice and information and visitors are encouraged to stop in. I wish I had known that then. Why?



I picked up the boat in Rochester, Massachusetts, which is the next town over from Wareham where the Beetle Cat Boat Shop is located. YES, the same town where I found the *Nantucket* lightship. Funny how things work out sometimes. Too bad I was unaware of the shop's location when I was in the area. It would have been an interesting, and likely helpful, stop. They may have gotten a good laugh had they seen this little boat in its current condition. It wouldn't be the first time folks laughed at me when seeing some of my many boat "finds." But every "find" I've found has been repaired or restored and in very usable condition. He who gets the last laugh...

So be careful what you wish for. You just might get it. I got the Beetle Cat and a

larger than expected winter project. But I think I may wish for a larger catboat in the future. They're very special boats. I wish I had a larger bank account!

#### About Our Little Snowstorm...



You may have heard about the little snowstorm in early December that dumped about 7" (yes, feet!) of the white stuff right out of Lake Erie onto our Buffalo neighborhood. It was followed by 50° temperatures and rain so it did not hold up progress all that much.



This past summer I was looking for cheap boats on craigslist. I buy, repair and resell some of the good ones to make a few extra dollars to support my somewhat uncontrolled boating habit. I found a "free" boat listed in Conneaut, Ohio, a Tancook Whaler named *Barbarossa*. I was instantly suspicious of a boat like that for free, unless it was in need of complete restoration or the compost pile. I presumed, wrongly, that it was made of wood.

As I soon learned, it was a fiberglass hull about 38' long and was a brand new build! She was launched in June 2014. What's the catch? Why would someone want to give away a perfectly good boat as it was described in the posting? I contacted the owner of the boat and asked some basic questions about the boat. The first question was, "why?"

I learned that this man had spent 20 years building this whaler from scratch. He said that it cost him his marriage, his kids and too much of his time and he just wanted it gone from his life. The events that happened to cause this draconian decision were soon revealed to me. The proverbial last straw.

He described towing the boat on a hay wagon from his home to the water, only to have it break down on a state highway going through town, a very small town. It blocked the road for over an hour before he could get back with the necessary tools, springs and tires to make the repairs. That was the first problem.

After getting the boat to the marina a problem happened with their boat lift, a vintage WWII crane. They had picked up a huge wooden Chris Craft cruiser and a cable parted. The boat went down. It went down hard and the jack stands on the port side went up, about 3' through the hull. It was said that the boat was unrepairable but I think there are some possibilities there. The lift was definitely repairable and eventually was.

While waiting for the lift to get repaired, the owner set up the engine to run on the trailer. He made all the water inflow and outflow connections and set up the batteries to the starter and the test of the engine went well. All worked as planned and she was ready for launch. Launching was uneventful. The boat went into the water and was secured to the finger slip and a sigh of relief was felt amongst the owner and the yard crew. But then it happened. The last straw.

The engine was started the next day to move the boat to a permanent slip and then a problem arose. The engine started just fine but water was leaking from the engine. But where? The location could not

## The One That Got Away

By Greg Grundtisch



be found. It filled up the bilge enough to make the water spin up from the flywheel and all over the cockpit. It was a marvel to see such volumes spray that high and so far. I witnessed this myself.

Several experts were called in to see if they could find out where the water was leaking from and what caused it. No one seemed to know for sure. The only thing to do was to pull the engine. "No, not after all that and all these years! That's it, I'm done! Get this \*\*\* out of here. Now!"

He made the decision to just get it out of his life. Anyone who knows anything about boats and boat building can come and get it. I consulted with my boat advisor, the lovely and talented Naomi, about a free boat in Ohio. When I showed her a picture she could hardly wait to get in the car. Within 30 minutes of the consultation we were on our way to secure this vessel. Naomi knows a great opportunity when she sees one.

We met the owner and he took us to the boat and we could hardly believe what we

were seeing. There at the dock sat a beautiful Tancook Whaler. The boat, *Barbarossa*, was yet to be rigged. We were told that was so it could be easily put back on a trailer and hauled away. All the spars were new and never rigged and the sails were also new and never bent on. All that boat and rigging for the taking. What's the catch?

The boat had to be moved, and soon, or the season's dock fees would be charged. I contacted boat transporters, (pirates, I tell ya) and they all said they could do it but it would be a couple weeks. It was the busiest time of the boat transport season and that was the quickest they could get there. I offered to get a trailer from the Maritime Center and rent a truck and haul it away, but the owner wanted professionals to handle his baby and not someone loading a big boat for the first time.

"OK, I'll rig it and sail it to Buffalo. It's all downwind and a 20 hour trip."

"Negative," says he, "the boat has never been rigged and sailed. You don't know what to expect. It does not have an engine and if you got into trouble, then what?"

"We would sail it into the nearest port," says I.

"Not acceptable," says he, "that's my baby and 20 years of my life, I cannot bear to hear of it wrecking on shore somewhere. It has to be professionally transported, or get an engine rigged, and do it in 48 hours or it will go to the guy next in line."

So, without enough time and no transporter available, this one got away. Maybe it's for the best, as we currently do not have the discretionary time to actually use the boat. But it would sure have been nice to have ready when we did. It was a really nice (valuable), boat. The inside was spartan, only one bunk and a few storage bins, but what an opportunity. Alas, this one got away.

There is an upside. This fall, Roger Allen, the director of the Buffalo Maritime Center, offered me a free boat. The Center was offered this boat from a Boy Scout troop in Warren, Pennsylvania. The Center has no room currently available for any more boats so they went looking for possible owners. The boat was a 20' gaff rigged sloop, built in the '40s. It was a restoration project from a local Boy Scout troop. The troop grew too old and the kids moved on. The boat had been sitting in a warehouse for several years and had to be moved.

The bad news is, the boat is still in Warren. The good news? The boat is still in Warren. Some things just work out. There is an old saying that there is no such thing as a free boat. We shall see what happens in the spring.

### From Dan to Dave

Two or three things come to mind while I have December's *MAIB* propped up against my cereal bowl. You've once or twice said, "If you ain't got a fantail launch, you ain't got nuthin." I've always wanted to have a fantail soooooo, would you dig up your old photo essay(s) on how you did the bustle on *Helen Marie* and send it along? I've got a candidate. I won't do it the way you did it anyway, but it's always good to see how the duffers bluff their way outa the sand trap.

If I'm successful and actually get myself a fantail, I'd appreciate it if you consider coming to this summer's camp cruise on the upper Columbia River. No, you don't have to sleep in the sand. I'll put my biggest frankenbot under your tired ass, windows, door, roof, fixed berth, galley, port-a-pot and a helm seat with arm rests. Bring yer own damn drink holder. I'll pick you up at the airport. Yep, we got one of those.

This will be at the end of July, just the very time that Bradenton ain't the best place to be. You'll get plenty of grist for your mill and can raz me for years about my standards of workboat fit and finish. It's one of those win win situations we used to talk about in Transactional Analysis. You can be the advance patrol boat, scouting out places to put the beer caches.

I also have a candidate for a picnic boat sort of conversion, like Howard's with that Sea Ray. I'd really appreciate if you'd do a series of profile and bow/stern shots and some detail shots of how he put that cabin together. I've got to do it on a pretty serious reduction in size, so Howard's proprietary design is still safe from encroachment. But about the only other model for it is from Hinckley and we all know their work ain't near as good as Howard's.

### From Dave to Dan

What a pain in the ass, it's a good thing I already have pictures of the fantail. Be prepared to be amazed and mystified, this adds a whole new layer to the off the wall boat building cake. And that's really saying something when you and I are in the room. I've never seen anyone who can come up with the things you do. The reason the old existing hull is black is because it was in the shop when it burned up, it was going to be a sailboat until I realized that I already had a bunch of those and the wind usually sucks here. Half of the hull was burned with all the glass gone, but instead of dumping it and standing over I just ground the major charred wood off and glassed the hell out of what was left.

It should come as no surprise that I used foam, in this case I used the blue stuff which is a lot more rigid than the white foam. You can see that the 2" strips are very straight. I put in a piece of plywood cut to the fantail shape and worked to it. I didn't glue these strips together, I just stuck some bamboo skewers in them to hold them in place until I glassed it. It's really easy to shape and then I glassed the hell out of it inside and out. I used several layers of 25oz cloth and a couple layers of 10oz. This thing is stronger than the rest of the boat.

Then I did some careful measurements and found that the motor wouldn't fit so I had to cut it loose and push it down some, which actually made a good looking shape. Things like this don't bother me in the least, I can cut it up and redo it with the best of them, well maybe not as good as you but you get more practice. If I couldn't make it up as I went along I wouldn't do it at all.

## I Wanna Build A Fantail

### An Online Design Discussion

By Dan Rogers and Dave Lucas



And here you are, check out that finish. You can see the remains of the centerboard trunk from its earlier life. I really should have just burned the thing and started over. It was no fun at all grinding and reglazing the inside of this hull. I usually make it seem like it's easy to do this kind of thing, but we all know that when we start projects like this we really need to have our act together and be at one with our grinder because a grinder is the only way we can do anything with glass

and epoxy on this scale. I joke that I've been doing it so long that I can brush my teeth with a 4 1/2" grinder.



Here's a good look at the fantail and my rudder assembly. To get a perfect fit I wrapped the motor with clear packing tape and molded the shape directly to the lower unit. I then added the blade. At the top there are two long pieces that bend around and are bolted together in the front. The high stress parts are made with carbon fiber and glass. With this arrangement I have perfect control even when I'm in neutral. I can turn *Helen Marie* around in her own length with a quick forward and reverse action. That's a piece of 3/8" stainless flat bar that helps protect things back there when the bottom of the ocean is too high.

We have a picture of a Hinckley picnic boat on the wall next to the Mega Yacht, that's the inspiration. We'll be pulling it out of the shop shortly, I'll get some good shots of it then.

You can use this is you want, it shows what's possible if you use some imagination, and are a little nuts.

### From Dan to Dave

Thanks Dave. I oughta have this knocked out in a day or two. That is if I don't get "caught" doing non Christmas projects. Kate asked me the other day what I was working on out in the shop. I told her that I had been upgrading the bigger frankenbot. Without missing a stitch on her quilt binding project, she looked up and informed me that I was "putting lipstick on a pig." Maybe so, but this one is looking pretty good, with a little lipstick.

I guess you could say that she got a ceiling on the overhead yesterday. Not too bad for a chain saw, 4" angle grinder and a "fin-ish" mallet, eh? Working overhead with one bad hand and a worse wrist gets to be a bummer. So I think I'll see what I can do about adding a sweet ocole to the "industrial butt" this poor girl was born with. Working, leaning over for a while. Since I still have about 24" inches to spare until the boat doesn't fit



inside the shop, I guess I know how far back the arc will go behind the motor.



You say you actually measured for the motor. Fussy, ain't cha? Why measure when you can guess is what I always say.

This one is waaaay heavy forward of the center of buoyancy, like tail in the air unbalanced, so I think this augmentation will be



the home for things like gas tanks. But the biggest deal will be if I can cut down that wake this former inboard speedboat leaves behind with its new iddy biddy outboard. Maybe I can keep the ocean from slamming shut on a tapered hind end.

Gotta go get a stack of that blue foam and take my angle grinder out of the finish carpentry cabinet.

#### From Annie

Coming up in the spring, Dan in Almos-tanada will be coming to San Diego to transport his newest acquisition to the far north. Here he is practicing with his newest truck to move a boat that weighs more than 500lbs.

#### From Dan

Hey, where'd you get that shot of my new trailer? It is almost ready, except for the brass trim and teak accents to go with Miss P's proper sense of decorum. That and the ermine trimmed bunk pads. Having a bit of a problem locating enough ermines.

#### From Dave

No way, if was your new trailer you'd have two boats on it.

## What's All This Dan?

#### From Dan

The guy in the tire store just laughed at me when I told him how much I wanted to put on a single axle. Then, he explained that "tandem" wasn't just what we used to do with hides, and that I should get used to the idea of more than one tire to a side. The trailer in the picture is just a prototype, of course.

#### From Annie

You're gonna need at least eight tires under that boat. No kidding. Consider renting an EasyLoader adjustable trailer.



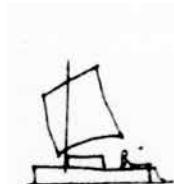
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**November 30**

It's now been four weeks since I started the stripping of the hull. I typically attach anywhere from two to four strips at a time. Each strip is  $\frac{5}{8}$ " in height, so four strips would be approximately  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " in height.



Each strip is held permanently in place with Titebond III waterproof glue.



I use an Arrow T-50 stapler to hold the strips temporarily in place until the glue sets. The staples are pulled or removed the following day.



## 20 Mile Boat Build (Continued)

By Richard Honan



I switched from staples to small screws with washers for the temporary fastening of the strips to the bow and stern stems. Because the stems are made of cherry, the staples were too difficult to remove and were breaking off.



Trimming off excess length of strips.



I am about three quarters complete with the stripping.

**December 17**

I'm nearing the end of the planking or stripping of my 16' Melonseed Guide Boat (rowboat). Only another four or five strips left to attach to the hull. A few boo boos along the way, but nothing I can't rectify.

Overall, I'd say I'm about a third of the way to completion. Sanding, fairing of the hull and then covering interior and exterior of the hull with epoxy resin and fiberglass cloth will be the next big project.

Still haven't decided on a name yet.



What the finished hull will look like.



Pulling some of the temporary fasteners (staples).



Temporarily fastening a strip with an Arrow T-50 stapler.

The hull is taking shape.







Hand sanding.



Sanding with a 7" disc sander with #60 grit.



Countersinking some of the broken staple legs.



Long board sanding.



Brother Bill filling small gaps and staple holes with epoxy putty.



Some final hand sanding with flexible rubber sanding block.

Applying a sealer coat of epoxy.

Another four or five strips and the striping will be complete. Overall I'd say this is about a third of the way to completion.

#### December 29

Busy weekend! Lots of sanding, more sanding, filling and more sanding. I had my brother Billy stop by on Saturday to help with the final sanding and filling of small gaps and staple holes with epoxy putty.

On Sunday it was on to the final random orbital sanding and long board hand sanding. Following a good vacuuming, I applied a sealer coat of Raka epoxy. I'm hoping later on this week to install the outer stems and apply a layer of fiberglass cloth and epoxy.

Final sanding with a 6" random orbital sander with #60 grit sand paper.



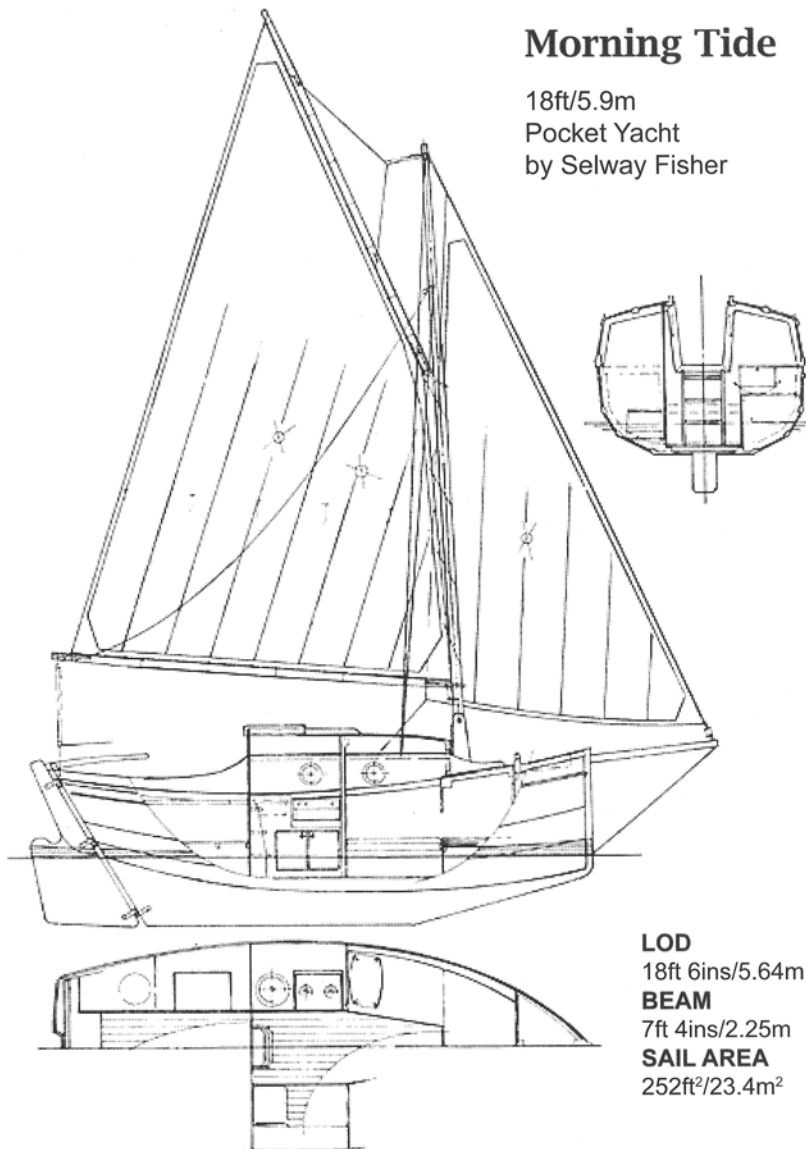
# Amateur Strip~Planking

## *Antony Sluce*

A few years ago I was sleeping in my dinghy under a ventile tent and I realised my sleeping bag was sodden at the foot. The ventile had shrunk and pulled away at the transom allowing rainwater to collect on the large flat area created by my bunk. This problem was easily solved by drilling holes in the stern thwart allowing the water to drain into the bilge. But I began to think that maybe I should have a boat with a solid roof. In these irrational moments big decisions are made and my sixth and final boat building project was born.

My garage has double doors back and front, giving access to a car port at the rear. The maximum beam which would pass through the garage doors was 2.1m. The 2.7m wide car port is bounded by the house on one side, the garage doors on the second, a 1.5m fence on the third side but is open on the fourth side. So it was not quite building in the open. By the use of a tarpaulin across the open end and another over the boat raised and lowered from the roof I was able to work in most conditions. Over the winter when the temperature was too low for glueing I suffered no mould problems on the hull.

I had built an Ian Oughtred HUMBLE BEE pram and would have liked to build another Oughtred design. But the designs of his which I wanted to build would not fit into the space I had for building. When Graham Young was making his boat building video with Alex Jordan I had taken part and so had got to see Graham's photographs of his MORNING TIDE 14. The shape appealed to me and it looked a suitable design for my type of dinghy cruising. This would fit through my garage doors, so I sent off for the plans.



### Morning Tide

18ft/5.9m  
Pocket Yacht  
by Selway Fisher

**LOD**  
18ft 6ins/5.64m  
**BEAM**  
7ft 4ins/2.25m  
**SAIL AREA**  
252ft<sup>2</sup>/23.4m<sup>2</sup>

Peter Fisher (PF) provides three options for building the MORNING TIDE. I had built three stitch and glue boats and did not fancy handling the large sheets of ply in the restricted space I had. I did not think the hull looked right for clinker ply and I remembered my childhood cleaning a clinker hull each winter. So I plumped for strip planking and sent off for Peter's book. I also decided to go for the centreplate option with water

ballast as living in Manchester means that I trailer sail.

I ordered the moulds from Alex Jordan and bought three I-beams from the local architectural scrap yard. The paved floor of the car port sloped so I set up the beams parallel to the slope but level across the slope. Using a roofing square and Alex's clever method for aligning the moulds I quickly had the moulds set up. After attaching the hog and gunwales



I began the strip-planking using 'Rapid Strip' and the great circle method. I had roughly faired the moulds, hog, transom and stem. Final fairing was done as each strip was fitted.

## What did I find out about amateur strip planking?

### 1. Storage of strips

SF suggest allowing 10% wastage. On delivery I discovered the strips were 5.5m long and my garage was less than 5m long. I was storing the strips in a rack in the roof of the garage and had to cut 500mm off each strip before I began. So this was my 10% wastage gone before I started.

### 2. Mould spacing

I chose not to follow PF's spacing of the moulds and omitted every other one over most of the hull except for the forward part of the hull where I followed the designer's recommendation. This was an advantage as it allowed access between the moulds to a large part of the hull. It produced a fair hull but needed more clamping. I used luggage straps between the moulds when the planking got too wide for my clamps. Also the gunwales had considerable edge set and tended to curve in under the stress despite steaming. I corrected this by adding extra cross members between the moulds which could be used to brace the gunwales to the correct alignment.

### 3. Number of strips per day

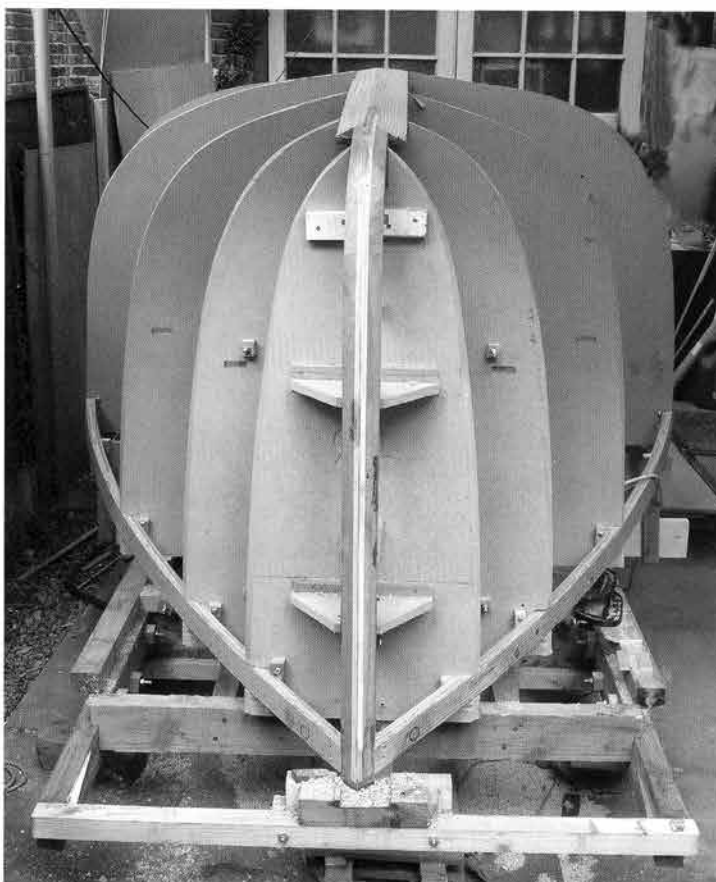
Following the professional stripping articles in *Watercraft Magazine* No. 69 May 2008 I thought I would be doing 20 strips a day. In practice I found if I tried to do more than one strip at a time I got so covered in foaming glue that I decided to do one strip each side and wait for the glue to go off. After about three hours I would unclamp and clean up the glue line and do another strip. In this way I was able to do up to six strips in a day if I was really keen.

### 4. Bending and Breaking

The first great circle strips went on easily but as I approached the gunwales the edge set became so great at the stern that some of the strips broke on a shake in the timber. I resolved this by making vertical cuts spaced about 40mm apart at the point of maximum bend. The forward ends were not a problem at this stage. Later when I was planking over the forefoot the strips had to bend and twist. To allow for

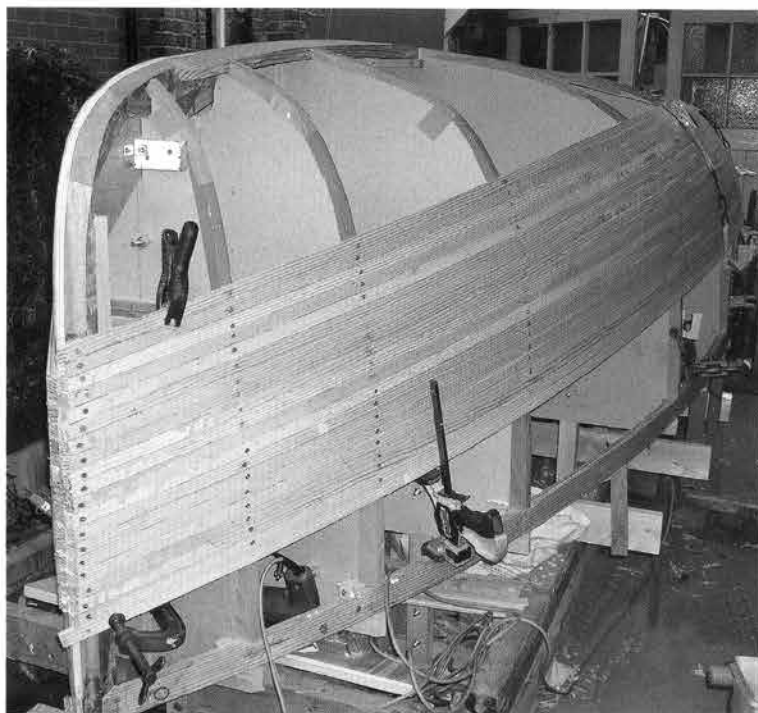


1. (And 2. below) Moulds set up on I-beam base



this I steamed the forward 1.5m of the strips. The routine was to start the steamer and let it heat up while I fitted the after end of the strip. When the steamer was ready it was put over the forward end for about 15 minutes. Whilst this was happening I fitted the after end of the strip on the other side. I then clamped the steamed strip in place and started to steam the other side. When the first strip had cooled I fitted it in place and then finally glued it and clamped it in place. Then I clamped the

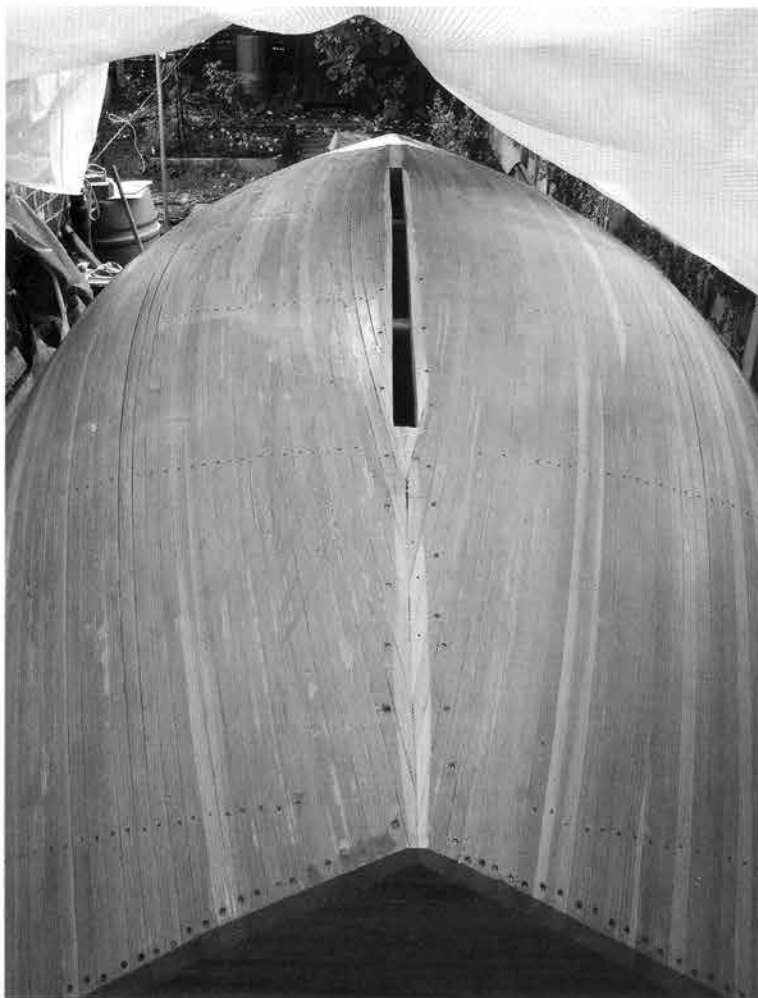




3. Planking the hull

“ I remembered my childhood cleaning a clinker hull each winter ... ”

4. Hull planked, sanded, and first coating applied



second strip in place. Whilst it cooled down I had coffee or got some strips ready for scarfing. In this way my rate of stripping was not affected.

5. Eventually after one side was complete I had no more strips long enough to make a strip with a single scarf so I ordered some more strips from Robbins Timber (RT). They cut them 19mm instead of 22mm wide. The thickness was correct and the tongues fitted the old strips. I only had a 500mm gap at its widest to fill. The narrower strips were very much easier to bend which confirms the remark made by PF that a 12% reduction in the width makes the strips easier to bend. But of course I was using more strips and so more glue and RT gave me another tube of Collano (I had started with Balcotan).

### 6. Closing up to the keel.

Aft of the centreplate slot the strips could be joined on the centre line. On the vertical part of the stem and the forefoot the angle between the sides was acute enough for the strips to be cut off at right angles to the centre line. On the bottom the angle became so obtuse that this technique was affecting the fixing screws. So the strips were overlapped. On the almost flat bottom the overlap was too great. So I finished the first side 5mm short of the centre line. On the second side I roughly fitted the strips but because of the tongues could not get them close. To finish off I ran a 10mm router lined up on the first side so that I finished up with a 10mm slot which could be filled with a 10mm wide strip.

### 7. Fairing the planking.

I did not try long boarding. I used a plane and a belt sander for the major imperfections. Then a random orbital sander to get a finer finish.

### 8. Timing

The moulds were supplied in April 2010. By October stripping was started. By November it was too cold to continue so a halt was called until March 2011. Plans to carry on work on other parts of the boat in the garage were not carried out. The planking was finished by June, when I had a hernia which stopped work until September. The hull was sealed with two coats of Resolcoat ready for the winter. October and November were so mild that I pressed on, sanded off the Resolcoat and managed to sheathe the



boat with biaxial cloth sealed in epoxy and coated with Jotun High-Build before the winter. In 2012 I fitted the false keel, centre plate box and stem.

I finally rolled the hull over in November 2012.

## 9. Conclusions

Strip planking has allowed me to produce a round bilge hull with very little skill by a series of short repeated actions which can be fitted around the other activities of living. No heavy lifting was involved. Any other method would have been difficult in the restricted space I had. Because of the repetitive nature of the method you quickly learn what to do. Although techniques have to change as you move over the hull they change quite slowly and there is time to work out new solutions.

The wastage is quite high both at the timber yard and in the boat yard. I am left trying to decide what to do with all the less than 1m long offcuts.

The MORNING TIDE with its vertical stem is not an ideal shape for strip planking but it is possible. I laid out the first strip to be half way up the middle moulds and then allowed it to find its own position on the other moulds so that there was no edge set. By chance this led to workable bending near the gunwale and hog as described above.

I would not try to build in such a restricted space again but I am now looking forward to fitting out the hull.

## CONTACTS

Many of the people I used like Alex Jordan, Robbins Timber and Selway Fisher are advertisers in the Watercraft magazine and get a mention most months.

Whiz Deas at Matrix Composite Materials Co gave helpful advice about sheathing the hull and supplied the resin and biaxial cloth. Unit E Paint Works, Bath Road. Bristol BS4 3EH

Bayside Marine, The Net Store, Brixham, TQ58QP are main stockists for Jotun Paints which I used to provide UV protection to the epoxy coating the hull.

AS

*I would not try to build in such a restricted space again, but I am looking forward to fitting out the hull ...*



5. Transom veneered & hull coated.

6. & 7. below, primed hull released from base and rolled over. (Helped by Tony Nield & Colin Bell)



# On the Line

**Puff** -- An old side rail design ice yacht built in 1874 for Commodore Irving Grinnell of the New Hamburg Ice Yacht Club. *Puff's* design was a departure from most other boats of its era -- the mast is stepped forward of the plank, the boom is shorter, and the gaff is long and peaked very high. With lots of backstays, forestays, and solid rod rigging, assembly is complex and time consuming, but the boat is surprisingly fast. The boat is currently owned by Emilie Hauser and family of Port Ewen, NY.

**Hound** -- A well-maintained and excellent example of the typical Hudson River stern steerer from the late 1890's. This ice yacht came from the Hull Estate in Staatsburg and was likely used for recreational sailing. Hound is owned and sailed by Glen and Emerson Burger of Staatsburg, NY and is authentic in almost every detail to the original construction methods and materials.

**Ariel** -- Another fast Buckhout ice yacht from the fleet of Archie Rogers. These "Third Class" boats (300 - 449 square feet of sail) were light, nimble, and easy to handle and could best their bigger brethren a great deal of the time. Restored in the 1960's by Raymond Ruge, and then passed on to John Somma, Ariel is now owned by Dan Lawrence of Newburgh, NY.

**Phantom** -- Class A Boat sailing in the NSIBYC fleet. This boat loves to fly a runner high in the air.

**Orion** -- Built 1906 at the Malden Brick factory in Malden on Hudson, *Orion* spent many years in the Long Island fleet. Bob Wills of Rhinecliff, NY purchased the boat recently and christened it ORION. There were hundreds of iceboats at one time on the Hudson River that had similar origins -- locally built, owned, and sailed.

**Cyclone** -- A Hyde Park iceboat built by Charles Van Loan in 1901 for Archie Rogers' son, Herman. Now owned by Brian and Lisa Reid of Red Hook, NY.

**Jack Frost** -- Built by George Buckhout in 1892 for Archibald "Archie" Rogers of Hyde Park, an avid sailor. Jack Frost, with 750 square feet of sail, is a "First Class" ice yacht (600 square feet of sail or over) and has a backbone nearly 50 feet in length. It is one of two of the great stern steerers still being actively sailed. Jack Frost is fast and stable -- a four time winner of the coveted Ice Yacht Challenge Pennant of America, the Frost had epic racing duels with John A. Roosevelt's big boat "Icicle". Jack Frost was restored in 1972 and is owned and sailed by the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club.

**Georgie II** -- Built by Charles Irwin of Red Bank, NJ, *Georgie II* has been one of the fast fliers of the North Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club since the turn of the century. Recently refurbished, it is readily distinguished on the ice by its elegantly finished light blue and white backbone. *Georgie I* was so fast in the NSIBYC racing fleet, that some accused it's owner of not playing fair -- so he built *Georgie II* under their watchful eyes. It proved just as fast as its twin and the detractors then had two speed demons to contend with.

*Ice Yachts Described by John Sperr*



**Princeton** -- An historic ice yacht of the fleet of A Boats of the Long Branch Ice Boat and Yacht Club. Princeton long dominated the club competition and was a frequent challenger for the state championship against the North Shrewsbury Club.

**Rocket 1888** -- Originally built in 1888 by George Coley was a popular sight on the Navesink River in the 1890's. Bigger was thought to be better and faster in the early days of ice yacht design and no expense was spared in an attempt to wrest the Ice Yacht Challenge Pennant of America trophy from the Hudson River sailors. The Rocket Ice Yacht Foundation was formed in 2005 to take ownership and resurrect this historic boat. The only surviving original parts were the cockpit and the runner plank. Over the course of seven years, a new back bone, spars, and all the rigging were fabricated in the basement of the NSIBYC building as the project slowly came to fruition. In 2014, with over 20 miles of ice having formed on the Hudson River in the coldest winter in recent memory, *Rocket* took its first sail in roughly 100 years.

**Rip Van Winkle** -- at 40 feet in length, is the largest of the Rokeby Estate fleet of ice yachts. Richard Aldrich Sr. collected many ice yachts and parts of ice yachts from the great estates along the Hudson River. "The Rip" as she is affectionately known, is smart looking, fast, and one of the best mannered boats in the entire fleet. A new runner plank was recently fabricated by Reid Bielenberg, and the rest of the yacht is getting a major overhaul this fall. *Rip Van Winkle* is one of the best mannered boats in the entire fleet. *Rip Van Winkle* is currently owned by Rosalyn Aldrich of Barrytown, NY.

More at [www.hriyc.org](http://www.hriyc.org)  
and [boatingonthehudson.com](http://boatingonthehudson.com)

# The Grace Eileen

## A Launching

By Arch Davis.

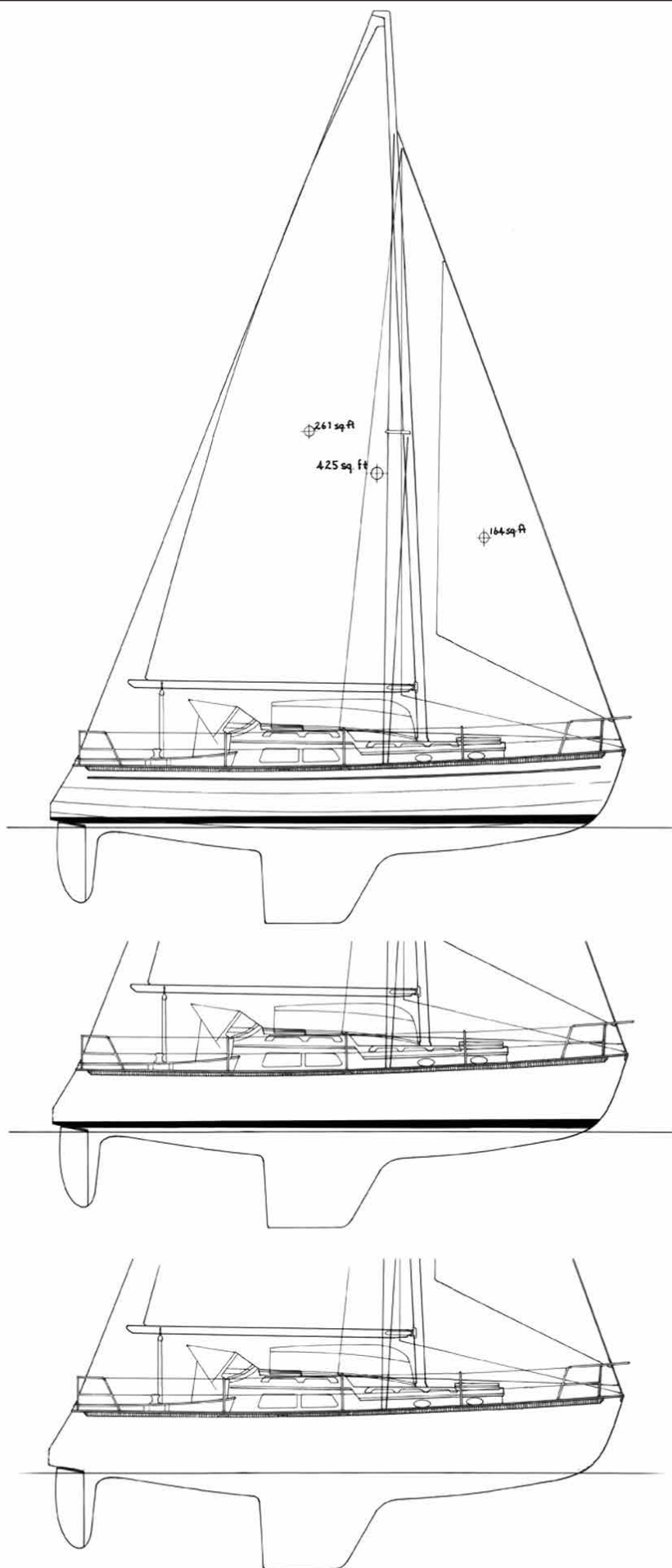
We launched the *Grace Eileen* at the Belfast, Maine, public landing on June 16, 2012, the strains of “Amazing Grace,” played by Morton Moesswilde in full piper’s regalia a cheerful counterpoint to the rather gloomy morning. She had no engine so I had enlisted friends to tow her out to the harbor with my Penobscot 14. There we hoisted sail and picked up a light breeze which took us out onto Penobscot Bay for sea trials.

She was the fruit of five years and 3,000 hours of a labor of love in which my daughter, her namesake, was an enthusiastic participant. She also represented, for me, a return to a different mode of sailing. In a previous existence, in New Zealand where I grew up, I had been a devoted cruising sailor. Since moving to the US almost 30 years ago I had done plenty of sailing, but nearly all of it in small boats. Now the waters of Penobscot Bay and the coast of Maine beckoned with the prospect of more exploration than my remaining years were likely to afford.

The sea trials took us down the western side of Isleboro Island, one of a string of islands that divide Penobscot Bay down the middle, beating into a freshening southerly under a clearing sky, around Mark Island at the southern end of the archipelago and back up the other side. The wind gradually died with the setting sun, leaving us becalmed off the rocky western shore of Isleboro, my son Jack standing his first night watch. The first hints of dawn, which lighten the sky at 3:30am at that time of year, brought a faint easterly which soon had us slipping along under main and genoa. By the time the sun was well above the horizon we were enjoying hot oatmeal and freshly ground coffee. The day continued fine, a fresh southerly sea breeze developing in the early afternoon, giving us a range of conditions, including beating to windward with enough wind to call for reef in the main and a smaller headsail. It was clear that our little ship would happily do all we could ask of her.

She is my idea, based on my previous experience and a couple of decades of thinking about it, of what a good coastal cruising boat should be. First she had to be pretty. I believe that life is too short to own an ugly boat, let alone build one. I always start a new design with a profile drawing. Sheer, stem profile and stern come first. Everything else is subordinate to harmony there. If I can’t get that right, I don’t have a concept. I draw the underbody, sail plan and cabin profile. For a cruising boat I pause here to estimate what headroom I will have. Construction would be plywood, with glued lapstrake topsides over stringers, the same method I used in my Penobscot designs.

There is a connection here between the choice of construction method and headroom. Getting adequate headroom in a small, light boat with a rather shallow underbody, without ending up with the clunky look that characterizes most production cruising designs, is a challenge. The production boats have to cater to their market, which includes a significant number of tall potential buyers who don’t want to bump their heads or do their cruising with a crick in their neck. I am





not tall, 5' 10" headroom in the doghouse, so that I could stand comfortably at the galley, would be plenty for Grace and me and just about enough for Jack. The appearance in profile of any boat is very sensitive to small increments in height, and even this amount puts the cabin top pretty high.

There are various tricks to disguising the height of a cabin top. Some of them involve the cabin itself, but it's obvious that if the boat's topsides are high, then the cabin trunk will appear to be that much lower. Of course, high topsides don't look great either, but the apparent height of the sheer looks that much less, the more horizontal lines there are between it and the waterline. Just drawing a broad boot top does much to lower the apparent height of the sheer. Lapstrake topsides, with the shadows cast by the laps, have the same effect and a rubrail a few inches below the sheer reinforces the effect. You can see how much difference this makes in the three profile drawings.

Now, the drawings are all very well, but there is a big difference between a pretty drawing of a boat and a drawing of a pretty boat. We don't really know whether we have the latter until we see the boat. It wasn't until I got the boat out of my shop and could stand back and really see her, that I could be sure I'd gotten it right. Whether I did you can perhaps judge from the photo. The *Grace Eileen* has a lot of freeboard for a 30' boat, but I think that she carries it pretty well.

Not that I didn't think of cold molding. I had picked up a load of clear white cedar one day while looking for something else, and I remember the day when I stood looking at it, wondering whether to use it for the hull. However, I knew that there wasn't enough of it. Plywood is about the cheapest planking material there is, it is quick (no cleaning off or long boarding) and I either had it on hand or could order it as I needed it. So lapstrake it was, and now I think the choice was the right one.

Lapstrake and high topsides conferred another benefit that I hadn't really anticipated. The *Grace Eileen* is an exceptionally dry boat. I have been quite surprised over the last three seasons at how little spray comes aboard in quite fresh and choppy conditions. Much of my cruising in New Zealand waters was done in a 32' heavy displacement boat. Sailing out of Auckland, I very often found myself beating home into a strong southwesterly and a short, steep sea. I remember times when I could barely look to windward, so much spray was coming over the weather bow, and sweeping aft over the spray dodger. It's rare for this to happen in the *Grace Eileen*. Even reefed with a smaller headsail, beating down East Penobscot Bay into steep, weather going whitecaps, there is just not that much water coming aboard. Of course, a light boat will not throw water around like a heavy one, but there is no doubt that the laps do knock the spray down to a significant extent.

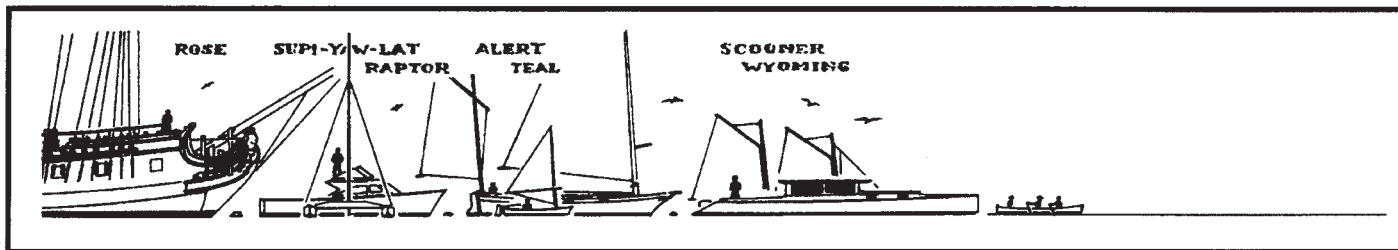
You will see that the *Grace Eileen* has an open transom. This feature is common on racing boats, of course, but it's a first for me. Now I think it's the only way to go for a coastal cruiser. It makes boarding and loading gear from the dinghy easy, and it's great for swimming, but I have been surprised to find how often I step aft to rinse a sponge or my hands, or take care of some other little chore. Much easier than hauling water with a bucket and lanyard. I am sometimes asked whether seas break aboard into the



cockpit. It hasn't happened yet, although we haven't really had a big, steep following sea. Of course, if it does, the water will just run straight out again.

Back to looks for a moment, you will also notice the varnished cabin sides. The toe rail caps are also varnished. The caps came from a beautiful piece of mahogany that had been sitting in my shop for the better part of 20 years, waiting for a worthy use. Wood like this is a joy to work with. It seemed a sin to paint it and the cabin sides, which came from two very nice sheets of Meranti plywood, also came up so well under the initial coats of epoxy that I varnished them, too. Now I know what you're thinking, you have to be crazy to commit yourself to looking after brightwork unless you are one of the rich folks who can afford to hire someone to do it for them. But there's no doubt that it does look right on a boat like this, and I tell myself that it's really not that much work if I keep on top of it. I give it a mid season coat, a quick rub down with fine sandpaper and a once over with varnish that doesn't take long. I choose a nice day with no wind, go aboard and work for an hour and a half, then have lunch on the mooring. There are worse ways of spending a sunny morning.





Any of this talk about “not sure yet either on the next piece for the mid winter issue here in New England...” I ended the last design column in January on was just, well, silly. Clearly this narrative will never stop as long as Editor Bob will accept these design notes from this office. No news likely for the old timers reading *MAIB* since the first issue Bolger was featured in, Bob has, in fact, supported what seems to be the longest run of design discussions by a single design office in any boating periodical anywhere, hard to believe indeed, but actually pretty much the case.

To be sure we are not talking about pieces on other folks’ design work, just pieces on that out of this design office. Of course, only Bob will know the authoritative number of pieces submitted to him and then published by him from this address here in Gloucester, Massachusetts. As Phil put it to me early on in our collaborative design and publication effort, “this schedule is good discipline and adds up to a rather interesting collection of work.” And he offered that remark when he, and then we, were producing a piece every two weeks for what would come to be well over two decades. Again, only Bob can confirm the actual number of articles this far.

This issue’s “Diesel Workboat” you already saw coming after the extended series

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

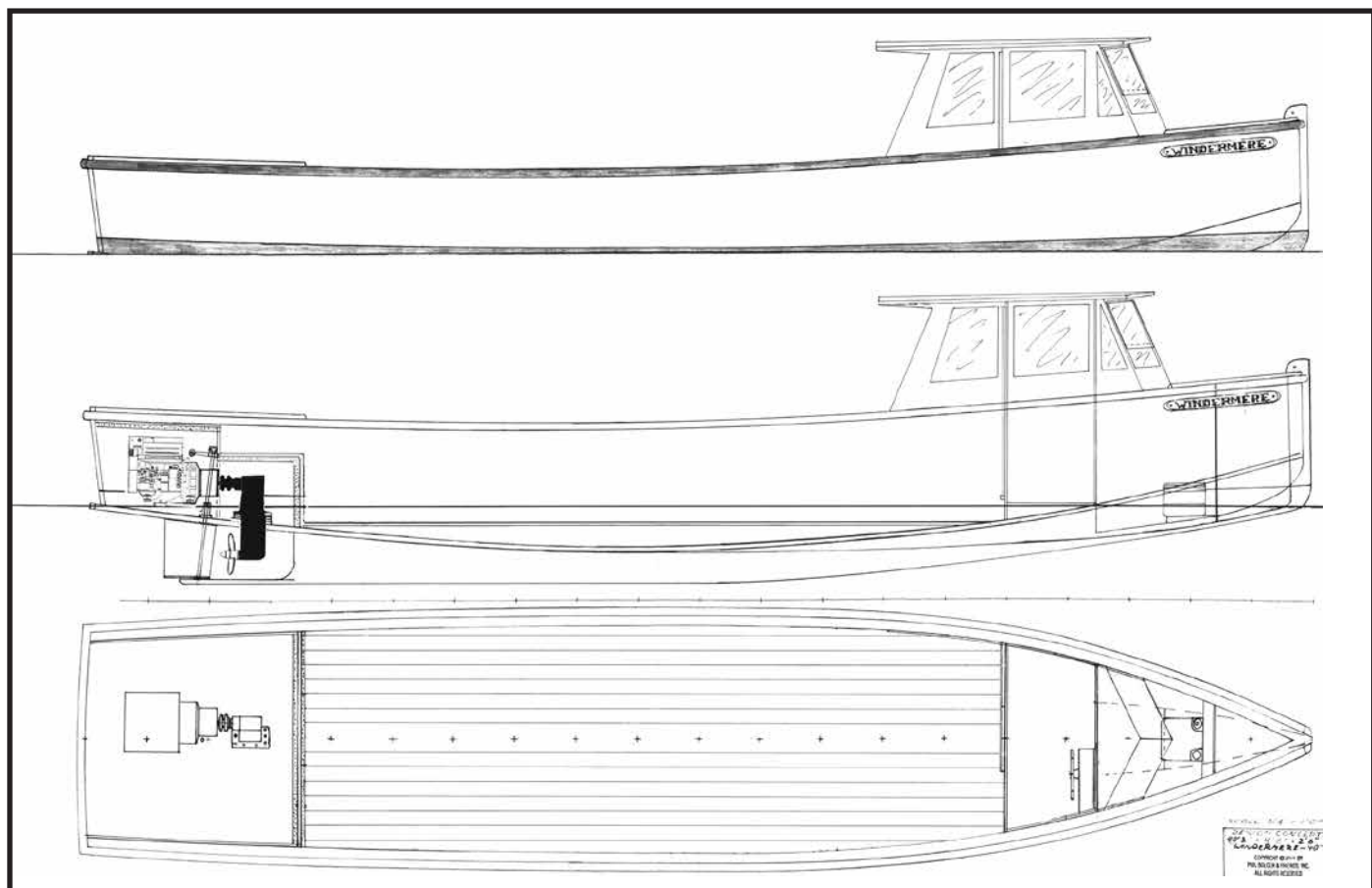
### Another Preliminary Study for “Windemere 40” Model 5 “Diesel Workboat”

8’6”x2’6”x1x45hp Diesel

on the Champlain 28 hull geometry, in particular in the August 2014 issue with a no nonsense plain workboat/lobsterboat layout. Here, on this much longer hull, we retain the diesel engine facing forward in the stern, driving a bronze C type sail drive for a rather compact propulsion package, just as in last issue’s 12 seater passenger launch. And again, we’d use a naturally aspirated 45hp or turbo charged 55hp, three cylinder air oil cooled, 2,800rpm industrial diesel of rather rugged design swinging an oversized alternator with the option to electrically clutch a hydraulic pump for whatever purposes she’d be serving. And there would be volume flanking the engine for a small dedicated generator, or perhaps even a separately driven compressor.

On “Model 5” what you see is what you get for workboat duty. A bit visually cleaner than the last one, this study offers the opposite of the people centric cabin layouts so far. Just to support more or less year round working utility, the well protected heatable wheelhouse for two way forward even features a private head under that vee’d windshield. But that’s about it for creature comforts aboard her. The rest of her is about work in that 23’ long and on average 6.5’ wide and at least 40” deep cockpit. Most would, in fact, add railings over her engine room in her stern to make that cockpit those 7’ longer for all sorts of practical purposes.

If we wanted to go lobstering and retain some 5’ of work space abaft the house for ourself and the lobster live wells, we’d look at nine rows of 2’x3’ traps, four high for well over 70 traps before putting two layers of traps over the engine for another 12+. Running 4’ long traps obviously would add up to less, but still quite a useful load in comparison with boats many folks work on here in the Northeast. How much ballast we’d want to put deep into that skeg would need determining in the actual design, with lead bricks in an accessible cavity allowing changing of one’s mind.





Much of her strength being this wide open comes from her keel bracing that curved bottom plate down the middle and the deep curved top-sides braced by massive laminated full length chine logs and clamps with a full length 3" foam belt in between going a long way towards advanced levels of sinking resistance. While this leaner hull would require much more heel/roll than on wider hulls to take on water over her sides, on this non self draining hull we'd obviously want to invest in massive bilge pumps to dump anything that still surprised us.

As usual, we can argue about looks with just about all conceivable wheelhouse flavors having been tried on the several tens of thousands of just lobsterboats built in these parts with the emergence of reliable inboard power over 100 years ago. Here the two part vee'd windshield features a horizontally split set of glass panels on either side to allow popping open the hinged upper panels for a breeze through in summer or just to listen forward into the fog this far from the muffled rear engine. Of course, most would not expect to

have GPS, radar and depth sounder fail concurrently. Yet again, another set of "belt and suspenders" would not hurt for safety's sake.

Less arguable is that her plumb ends offer the most waterline length for most effective use of her moderate power pushing her up to possibly 8.5kts. That bow entry sure is lean, with a clean flow from that nice fillet between her box keel forward where that head sits comfortably and her otherwise plain box midsection so easy to build rugged quite rapidly of between 80-90% sustainably sourced materials that float, a quality then readily enhanceable further, as touched on above.

Furthermore, as discussed off and on in this design column over the years and decades, this construction method would invite the addition of a double external layer of bronze through bolted and bedded pressure treated plywood into which to then nail bronze ringnails to attach #20 gauge or thicker copper sheathing to her. This should yield both eight to ten years of continuous anti-fouling properties, along with an "ice

belt" at least 12" above her waterline. Which would mean, upon this additional effort and investment, that no messy and expensive bottom cleaning, scraping and painting sessions would need scheduling until the copper is indeed eroded away, while the hull is also physically protected against at least milder thicknesses of saltwater ice, thus extending the working season that much further.

The fact that her air oil cooled diesel does not require any pumping of seawater and thus none of the usual array of strainers, hoses, pumps, seacocks, etc would add to her reliability when working in icy flotsam. Clearly a stone cold sober way to configure this working craft. And certainly an option for a pleasure craft as well.

I may temporarily shift gears to a different project for the next issue. But there are more layouts and uses for this hull yet to come. I just hope that those nightmarish visions of those "Clone Sisters" from the January issue will begin to fade away as the days grow longer again.

Susanne raises the question, "how long has "Bolger on Design" appeared in *MAIB*?" As she suggested that only I may know this I hadda do some looking back into the archives, now 32 years of back issues in binders (only the last half dozen years are also in digital format since we began sending the magazine to the printer via the internet).

The answer is 484 issues starting with the June 1, 1991 issue (back when we published 24 issues each year). Herewith is the announcement of his joining us from that issue:

#### Bolger Joins Boats

In this issue we begin bringing you a regular series of Phil Bolger's designs, just sort of "study plan" views of each with some of Phil's brief remarks on each. Phil says he has several hundred of these so that even at 24 a year they should last a long, long time, as long as reader interest is sustained.

Phil's fame amongst many of us is for his championing simple designs for small boats to be home built from plywood, small boats that may not always look so stylish, but that will perform well. This aspect of Phil's career is only a small part of it, he has done many, many designs of a more "conventional" sort, and for much larger boats than we typically mess about in. Phil was delighted to have this opportunity to show you some of these designs, along with mixing in as time goes on, many of his smaller craft, including not only the familiar "boxy" designs, but also some very graceful "traditional" appearing craft.

## So How Long Has Bolger on Design Been Running?

By Bob Hicks

For the most part, "Bolger on Design" will be a single page in each issue, this centerset of his graceful #391 schooner (not included here) with this is our way of introducing what we expect will be a very long running series of creative and unique ideas on boat design.

To dispel any misunderstanding right at the start, this is NOT the sort of thing Phil did in *Small Boat Journal*, where he drew up a "cartoon" design in response to a reader inquiry. We will be seeing designs Phil has already done in the past.

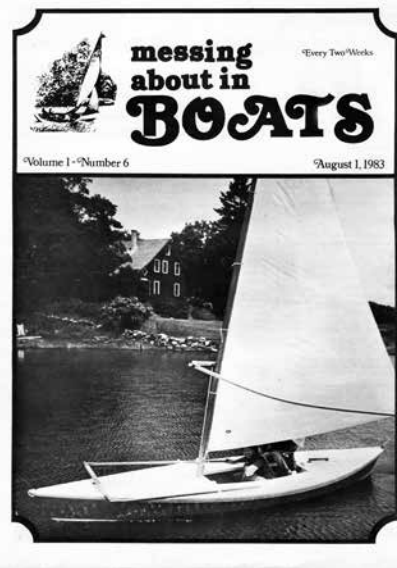
It has been 23 years and 6 months since Phil (later joined by Susanne) became a regular on our pages. Phil made occasional appearances on our pages prior to establishing the "Bolger on Design" regular column, the first in our August 1, 1983 issue as a cover story (see image) about a front steering boat he called "Canard." Boat builder Brad Story had built a prototype for Phil at his Essex, Massachusetts, boatyard and we dropped over to view the first "sea trials," subsequently reporting on it in that issue, our seventh.

Phil's novel concept of placing the rudder in the bow worked well, the boat now

steering more like a car with the bow, rather than the stern answering the helm. My observation of this was, "Bolger was hot dogging it a bit turning by the float, coming in real tight before giving her the hard about."

"Does she have a name?" I asked Phil at the conclusion of the trials.

"Canard," replied her creator with one of his just barely a grin grins." A check in our Webster revealed the following exact definition: "Canard, an extravagant or absurd report or story SET AFLOAT to delude the public." Phil Bolger strikes again.



A few lookers just say "nice boat" and let it go at that, but most people who stop to admire a boat we have restored seem to have some sort of question. "Isn't it a lot of work?" is probably the most asked. Some presume to know the answer and just pronounce it, "too much work." Obviously it wasn't too much work for the owner, so I don't get the point. I can't be allowed to have firearms because I might shoot the next person who tells me, in a slightly patronizing way, that "it's a labor of love." I want to tell them that I'll love whom I want and what I want and it's none of their business. It's hard to escape the idea, whether explicit or just hinted at, that we waste a lot of time and money on an old boat and prove ourselves wooden to be fools of some sort.

Lots of people looking at boats seem to have a nagging fear that once they own it, their boat will simply degrade right before their eyes. It's hard to convince them that with just a little basic care the varnish won't all peel off in the first month and, that with just some good basic maintenance that any boat would require, it will be years before the next refinish. Some have questioned me about how many hours a day their boat can be uncovered and in use without danger of too much exposure. I swear these people would believe me if I told them that serious owners only use their boats after sunset when there is no threat of dreaded UV rays. I wouldn't dare tell them that we have a few neglectful customers who never use their covers and their boats hold up remarkably well, given the care they get. They'd be certain that I was a liar then.

The doom and gloom theme seems to be popular. One prospect surprised me by asking what the worst thing a person could do to his boat was. I'd never been asked quite that exact question so I had to think a minute and sort through the more obvious misdeeds to try to identify "the worst." Eliminating the obvious, like taking her over Niagara Falls, I decided that leaving a nice boat stored outdoors in a northern winter is probably responsible, at least in terms of dollars, for the most damage. Hundreds of times I've heard "but it was covered" added to the dismay of finding that varnish which was lovely in the fall is lifting at the plugs and joints in the spring and really the whole boat needs to be done over.

I explained to my prospect that in mid winter it can get down below zero under a blue tarp at night, and then with the sun beating on it, temperatures can reach 60° or 70° inside a tightly packaged "cocoon" the

## Questions, Answers and Opinions

By Boyd Mefferd  
Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT

next afternoon. This daily cycle of condensation and frost does the finish in, almost without fail. Inside a building the temperature doesn't vary a lot and there isn't a lot of condensation, so even if the boat does freeze it is a dry freezing, not the frost producer that lifts varnish. It makes a lot of sense to deal with the inconvenience of leaving the car outdoors rather than the inconvenience of an unnecessary refinish.

Questions are often to the point and help someone get a better idea of what's involved in restoring and owning a classic boat. There are little tricks of the trade that some owners swear by and others have no time for, but for the most part we're in basic agreement on tools and techniques, where to use epoxy and where to use carpenter's glue. The questions that annoy me are the ones that have no answer. "How can someone neglect a boat this badly?" has been asked thousands of times when viewing project boats. Thousands of times there's no good answer. Obviously someone did.

It's a little like calling a meeting and being disappointed with the attendance. There's a great temptation to complain to the people who did show up, which makes no sense at all. People who want to scold the unknown neglectful previous owners don't usually want to fix a boat up anyhow. Someone with a genuine interest in restoration often see one person's neglect as another person's opportunity, and so it should be.

Questions often fall into basic categories. I've had prospects tell me that they're "not looking at this as an investment" and then promptly ask a string of what I would call investment questions, which model sells most easily, which might increase in price and so on. Lots of questions can be categorized as "car questions" and those who ask them are generally, by some strange coincidence, "car people."

Car people often think that they already have it all figured out because they feel they've figured out the antique car market. Some make laughable comparisons like won-

dering how many speeds forward a particular boat has. Most are a little bit more sophisticated but generally still miss the point that a boat is not a car. Since cars don't swell up, the idea that a wooden boat will do just that is hard for them to grasp. The idea that a nick or a ding is there to stay until the plank is changed is equally foreign to people who trade in lead and Bondo and can make little flaws go away.

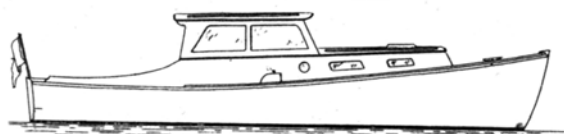
Car people tend to think in car production numbers, too. They know it may not be easy to find, but they are confident that if they are just a bit patient they will find that Lodge Torpedo pictured in Bob Speltz, preferably in sound, solid shape, please no rot and definitely with the original engine and all the hardware. Telling them that I've never even seen one, let alone been offered one, just indicates how poorly I do my job. When I don't have a specific model with a specific engine in a predetermined condition, they'll offer to "call back in a few weeks" because they know my inventory turns over so quickly. Sure.

Fortunately, unlike some of life's weightier philosophical questions, boat questions usually have an answer. Technical questions usually only have one answer, like the size and style of fender cleat found on a Chris Craft Riviera. Others have at least several answers, like whether or not building the bottom of the boat with epoxy changes the ride. As we work our way away from hard, cold fact we go by the "educated guesses" and on into areas which are "anyone's guess" or strictly one person's opinion.

It's hard to like this area too much because we all like to think we know what we're talking about, not just taking shots in the dark. I don't like to qualify an answer with something like "in my opinion" or apologize for it by saying "well, that's my opinion." I just have to remember the countless conversations I've had with people who want a value for a boat they're selling. Without fail they will respond, "well, that's your opinion!" if the value I select is lower than the one they already had in mind.

I think we're fortunate to be in a hobby which has such possibilities for discussion, with lots of questions and lots of answers and even room for a few opinions. Can you imagine, for instance, belonging to a club with meets and get togethers and evenings all devoted to discussing jet skis?

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The mysterious unnamed steamboat shown in the December 2014 issue on page 52 is a model of the most advanced self-powered boat ever built in its time. While the hull was common to its day, the high pressure boiler and twin counter rotating prop shafts were revolutionary. The 1804 craft had what today would be conventional four bladed props. However, at that time in history no one, I repeat, no one, was running one prop, never mind two. The boat was named *Little Juliana* and was designed by Col John Stevens of Hoboken. Today the Stevens Institute is in the middle of a two year project to have its students build from scratch the same engine, boiler and props that Col John invented 210 years ago.

I cannot emphasize enough how advanced the engineering was. It took 40 to 50 years before the world of boating began to catch up to where John Stevens was in 1804. Most naval people think propellers were invented in 1850. What is amazing in all of this is that very few things from 1804 were documented, preserved, etc. There were no cameras in 1804. The Stevens family decided in the mid 1800s to put the boiler and engine back into a similar hull to recreate the historic moment and run the original equipment. They painted "1804" on the stern and a photo was taken. The engine and boiler are now safely in the care of the Smithsonian. Many original drawings, records and descriptions are at the Stevens Institute. So it is possible to accurately re create the original.

Col Stevens got interested in steam trains, the boat was set off to the side and the rest is history as Col John's inventiveness with trains put him into the history books.

What follows is the current Stevens Institute report on the *Little Juliana* project:



**STEVENS**  
INSTITUTE of TECHNOLOGY  
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In 1804 Colonel John Stevens launched his boat, *Little Juliana*, a 25' Whitehall style vessel he used to demonstrate his high pressure steam boiler, twin screw propeller configuration and novel engine. *Little Juliana* successfully navigated the Hudson River and amazed onlookers by travelling without a visible means of propulsion.

The boat, named for Stevens' daughter, and its power/propulsion system was the precursor of the modern steam propeller drive ship that carries 90% of the world's goods today. Its twin screws, high pressure boiler and advanced propeller design were decades ahead of their time. Stevens' experimental boats, including *Little Juliana*, pioneered steam navigation in America and attracted significant attention.

Now students at Stevens Institute of Technology are building a replica of the *Little Juliana*, the historic boat that John Stevens built over 200 years ago. According to Michael Bruno, Feiler Chair Professor and Dean of the Schaefer School of Engineering and Science, the endeavor is in many ways a "dream project," one that combines the learning of engineering and design principles with a very meaningful lesson on the history of steam transportation and the specific contributions of the Stevens family.

## Mystery Steamboat Identified

By Kent Lacey



"This kind of project requires the students to build the components with their own hands, test and evaluate each and every aspect of the system and work as members of a single team toward a very, very challenging goal," says Bruno.

Project lead, Raju Datla, Research Associate Professor of Civil, Environmental and Ocean Engineering, acknowledges the maritime traditions of the Stevens family and their contributions to the field. "This project will establish a link to this maritime legacy by bringing our naval and mechanical engineering students together to work on recreating this historic steam boat built by John Stevens," he says.

Working with Emmy award winning documentarian and adjunct professor Carl Kriegesotte, naval and mechanical engineering students Leandro Avelar Matos, Ryan Siefert, Tyler Mackanin, Victoria Thomas, Patrick Cleary, John Flaherty and Richard Thomas are conducting research into building the hull and mechanical systems. "From a naval engineering perspective, this project is quite challenging," says naval engineering student Tyler Mackanin. "We've been assigned the task of re creating a boat as close as possible to the original with only a photograph to start with."

Interpreting measurements taken from the original engine currently housed at the Smithsonian, the students will soon develop working drawings, make foundry patterns and pour the molten bronze for parts of the replica engine.

"The other naval students and myself had to dig up more information as well as become familiar with the wood construction of boats," says Mackanin. "The biggest challenge that lies ahead will be fitting the large and heavy components into the boat and having it perform to the best of its abilities."

For the hull, they plan to collaborate with Rocking the Boat, a Bronx based non-profit organization that uses the medium of boat building, sailing, and water based environmental science to empower severely disadvantaged youth. "It is our hope that we can leverage the design, fabrication and operation of the new boat to make a positive impact on both Stevens and Rocking the Boat students," says Kriegesotte.

In addition to visiting the Smithsonian, the students also traveled to Mystic Seaport, Connecticut, which has the largest collection of 19th century Whitehall style boats in the world, the same type of boat hull John Stevens used for *Little Juliana*. The Seaport gave the students permission to examine, measure and photograph their Whitehall boats and also provided them with two sets of plans that are very close in appearance to the boat used by John Stevens.

Junior Victoria Thomas, a mechanical engineering major, cites this fieldwork as the most exciting aspect of the project thus far. "We had the pleasure of traveling to the Smithsonian archive, somewhere I probably would have never had the opportunity to visit," says Thomas. "We also visited Mystic Seaport and hope to visit a working hull manufacturing facility and a foundry."

In addition to the fieldwork, sophomore Patrick Cleary appreciates the historical focus of the project. "This particular project is giving us a peek into the past to see how mechanical engineering got started, how our forefathers engineered the boat," says Cleary.

*Little Juliana* certainly made a large impact on the advancement of marine engineering, explains Kriegesotte, principles still applied today. In fact, it took another 50 years for boat builders and marine engineers to fully understand and embrace the innovations that John Stevens built in his boat.

According to naval engineering student Leandro Avelar Matos, "*Little Juliana* is a pioneer on the steamboat construction. So, having the opportunity to work on this project is a remarkable experience for me and for my career," he says.

After completion of this four semester project, the *Little Juliana* replica will undergo a series of sea trials and then will be exhibited at antique and wooden boat shows as an example of the Stevens legacy of innovation.

See more at <http://www.stevens.edu/news/content/students-build-replica-little-juliana-steamboat#sthash.WWtzAN1m.dpuf>

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21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors

Photo by Bill Ling

I had to drill into an area where the drill and bit would not fit. My drill bit extender was not long enough to do the job. Happily, most drill bits these days have a backing so we do not need a chuck key to get a secure fit between the bit and the drill (there are also some disadvantages to this approach). Most of the newer drill bits will fit a 1/4" socket. Thus, I can stick the drill bit into a socket, attach the socket to an extender (and add a second extender if necessary) and get the reach to drill the necessary hole. I have to be careful about "wobble" but the approach does work. Oh yes, I will need a piece of steel modified to fit the female end of the extender so I can attach the drill.

I had a barnacle problem the other day that was a little different from most. Usually we are removing barnacles from the hull, propeller or the like. This time I was removing barnacles from some dock lines that had sagged into the water. The lines are being used to hold a small float to a larger float and, over time, the floats had shifted a bit. I was not too concerned about the slime on the rope, but when I started to remove the slime I found the barnacles attached all along the part of the line that had been in the water. Before I could remove the slime, I had to remove the barnacles. I found that by standing on one end of the line to help provide tension, I could remove the barnacles quite nicely with the side of a putty knife (sort of like stropping a straight edge razor). Once the barnacles were gone, it was easy to clean the line.

A runaway diesel engine can be a problem. I read a Coast Guard accident report where a tugboat's diesel inhaled fumes from a nearby tanker barge that was being cleaned. The operator of the tugboat tried to shut



down the diesel, but it did not stop running at very high speed from the explosive fumes being drawn through the diesel's air intake. The engine suffered damage.

Many years ago my Sisu 22 came with a Perkins diesel. After I had installed the fuel and electrical lines (the finish work was a DIY project), I asked my neighbor over, as he had diesel engines in his vehicles to see if all was well. After checking everything over we started the diesel, but we could not turn it off. My neighbor picked up a piece of wood and slid it over the air intake. The diesel stopped running. Further looking found that the electrical shut off for the fuel was not connected properly and that was fixed. What I learned from this experience is that to stop a diesel when all else fails, slide something over the air intake. I have a small piece of 1/4" wood with a grip made to fit over the air intake of my current Westerbeke diesel, if such is ever necessary (you can also modify a worn out ping pong paddle, you need the grip to hold the wood).

As most of you know, the "rule of thumb" originated with sailing ship captains, who used the width of their thumb to determine how far off the coast (or other obstacle) was a safe distance. The thumb width worked no matter the scale of the chart being used.

The "rule of thumb" for scale is "the larger the scale the less detail, the smaller the scale the more detail." A 1:1 scale gives a lot of information compared to a 1:250,000 scale. Also, the small scale chart is more accurate in terms of a point or line display (buoy or channel boundaries) than is a larger scale chart.

For instance, a 1:2,400 scale chart has an average accuracy of plus/minus 6.67' (a circle of uncertainty of a little over 13') or the actual line being shown could be 6.67' on either side of that line on the chart. Since 1" on the chart at that scale equals 200' "on the ground" that is not too bad. But, a 1:24,000 scale chart has an average accuracy of plus/minus 40' (an 80' circle of uncertainty) and 1" on the chart equals 2,000'. If the chart has the scale of 1:63,360, 1" equals one mile and the circle of uncertainty has climbed to about 211' on the ground. All of this is why most harbor charts are a very small scale and may be more than one sheet of paper (or screen on a display). Large scale charts may be adequate for offshore work, but when nearing landfall (or finding a channel entrance) a small scale chart is a better choice.

*Practical Sailor* (December 2014, pp. 14-15) tested a number of the whipping twines on the market for marine use and wrote a comprehensive report. While one of the recommended "twines" was a type of heavy fishing line, the use of ribbon dental floss was not addressed. I have used the ribbon type dental floss for years in the marine environment with good results. The floss comes in a handy container, is easy to use and does the job of whipping the end of a line quite nicely. I used the ribbon type because I found that the "string" type seems to cut into the line if I pull too tightly while the ribbon simply lays flat and holds.

I have been working in Dow Styrofoam, which it occurred to me is a good substitute for block balsa. This material is more consistent, grainless and requires about the same amount of finish prep. To wit, here is a half hull of a Fish Class sailboat built on a keel stem centerplate of plywood, split at the waterline for clean paint break. In this case, I thinned Rustoleum wood filler with water to the consistency of toothpaste or sour cream and painted it on the sides and bottom surfaces, using the same material to fillet the fin keel to bottom join. On top of that I sprayed filled primer and then applied canned spray paint.

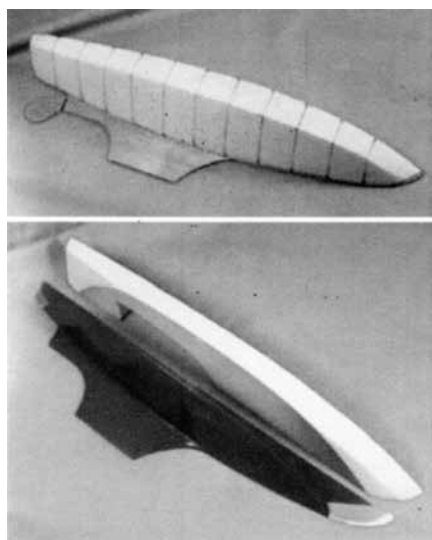
The deck is planned to be acrylic brushed manila file folder. Transom and cockpit will be lined with cherry veneer. The foam layers are laminated with Elmer's. For the best adhesion, puncture surfaces with a pushpin or nail. Credit to Dave Lucas who builds 1/1 boats with the same material (suitably epoxy fiberglassed) and uses a paddle with a bunch of nails driven through it for this job. The Lucasians use PL Premium 3X Construction Adhesive for plank assembly.

I suggest that Dow Styrofoam is a better balsa than balsa. Maybe not as a thin sheet, but in blocks. Cells are not quite as structural as fibers, but are much more consistent.

Early this winter I am making my debut presentation on Ships and Boats to one kindergarten class and have developed a simpler rig for my foam boats. This baby sails beau-

## Modeling with Dow Styrofoam

By Irwin Schuster



tifully, due to the new "SSSAT" Soda Straw Sail Attachment Technique (Pat.Appl.Pending). It has complete flexibility in rudder and keel CB insertion to allow for deep vs shallow aquatic venue (hybrid shown). Materials used include Dow Styrofoam 3/4" insulation, Tyvek (envelopes), bamboo skewers, soda straws, craft stick tongue depressors, cotton string, gift ribbon. Sail rig is assembled with school glue stick and anybody who can't work out the fixture should not be allowed access to the tool crib, or even the tub for sea trials, without supervision.





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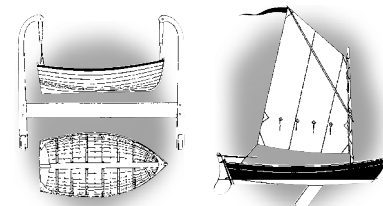


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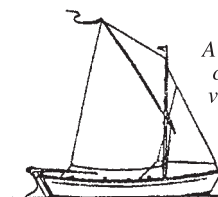
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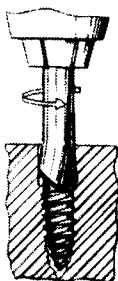
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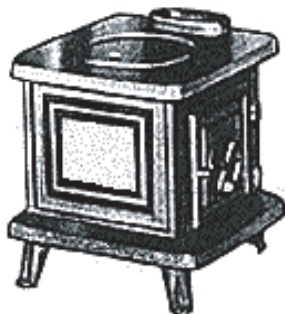
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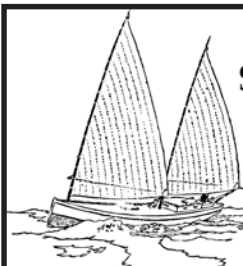
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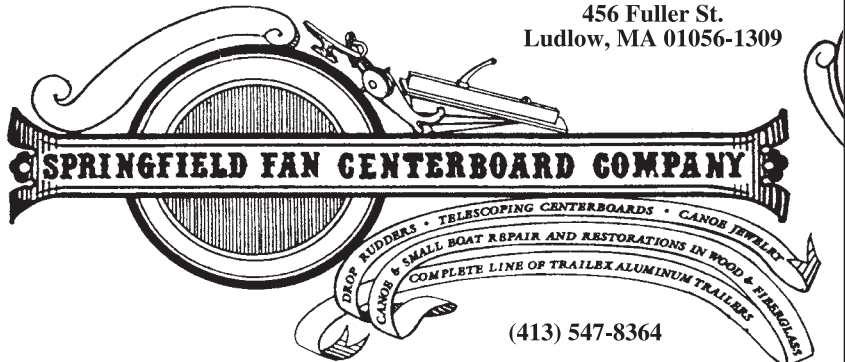
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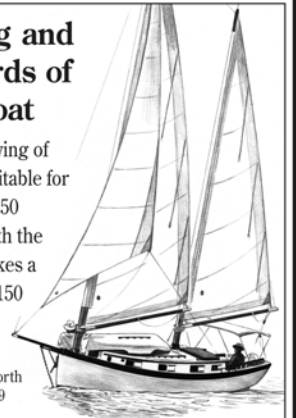


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**21' Boothbay Harbor One-Design**, '37. *Loon* is a 7/8 sloop designed by Gerd Hendle, built by Norman Hodgdon of Boothbay Harbor. Rebuilt in '04, *Loon* is in gd cond w/cedar planking & oak frames, mahogany deck trim & Dynal over plywood decking. She features wood spars, bronze hardware & 2 sets of sails in vy gd cond. Sail covers, custom cockpit cushions, new whisker pole anchor/rode, electric bilge pump w/solar panel charger. Asking \$8,500.  
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JIM CROWELL, 12 Maple Ave., Kingston, MA, (781) 585-2475, (781) 217-4651. (3)

**'80 Sanderling 18' Catboat**, 2 sails, '06 8hp Honda 4-stroke o/b & '81 Shoreline EZ-Roller trlr OK for local, may need work for highway. Asking \$11,000.  
PENN PFAUTZ Middletown NJ,  
[ppfautz@comcast.net](mailto:ppfautz@comcast.net) or (732) 673-0342. (2)

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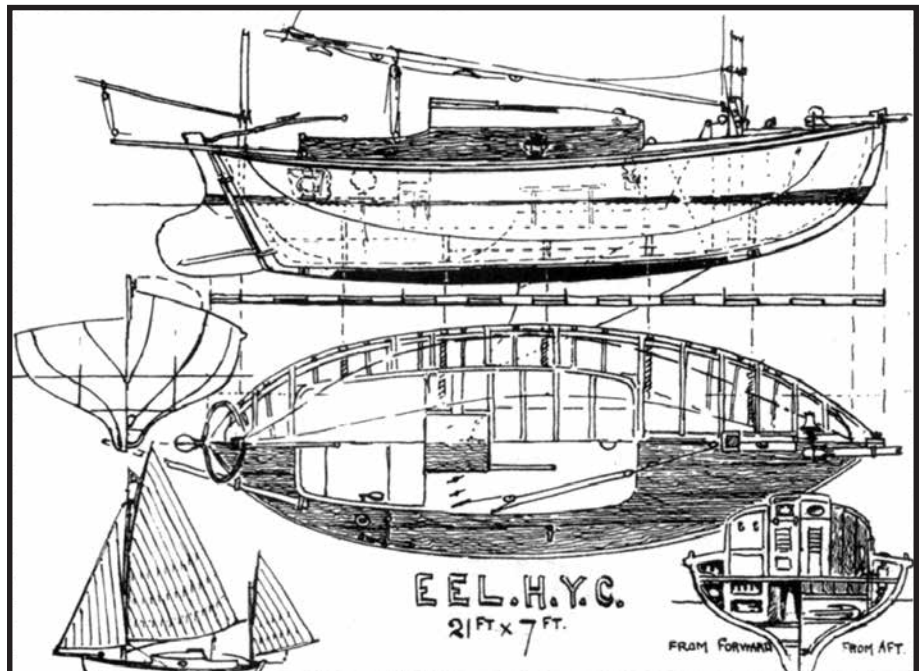
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